

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
AND  
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

---

MARCH, 1847.

---

ART. I. — MORAL INFLUENCE OF WAR.\*

It is not many weeks since the feeling of this community was powerfully interested by the fate of a vessel in our waters, which went forth at midnight on her familiar way, freighted with those who were hastening to their homes and their friends to celebrate the annual festival of gratitude and joy. But it was their lot to pass that day without food or fire, their vessel lying helpless on the raging waves where no human help could reach them, and the night closed round them in darkness and despair. In the morning a wreck was seen, broken and torn asunder, with no appearance of life, save a melancholy bell rising above the shattered ruin, which the winds and waters were sadly tolling, as if in penitence for the rash deed which they had done. There were tears in the eyes of many, when they thought of the forlorn exposure of those wayfarers, tossed for so many hours in dreary hopelessness on the deep, and only waiting to die, while we were at our firesides with sheltering roofs above us and our luxurious tables spread. But our sympathy was almost distressing, when we brought up before our minds the vision of those friends who were impatiently listening for their returning step, and earnestly waiting to receive them ;

---

\* *Napoleon and His Marshals.* By J. T. HEADLEY. Fifth Edition. New York : Baker & Scribner. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 331 and 324.

and who waited in vain, till they returned, cold and pale in their winding-sheets, borne by the hands of others, — and the welcome was given, not to the living, but the dead.

If, then, the destruction of a few, and the misery which their loss occasions, awaken so general and painful a feeling, should we not suppose that a still deeper emotion would spread through a nation when many of its best and bravest fall in the disastrous conflicts of war ; — when they fall, too, not, like the sufferers of the Atlantic, by the act of God, which is always mercy, but are cut down by the unmerciful passions of men, with no personal wrongs to avenge, with no sense of personal injury, but yet arrayed on opposite sides to shoot each other down, when every fatal aim destroys some one for whom a mother has watched and prayed, on whom a wife and children are perhaps dependent, and when it is certain that more hearts and homes than can be numbered will be filled with desolation and woe ? And yet, as some of us are old enough to remember, the news of a victory, though bringing with it tidings of wretchedness and sorrow to thousands, was received with exultation ; men grew wild with joy as they told it to their neighbours ; it was celebrated, not with dirges and funeral prayers, not in sackcloth and ashes, but cities blazed with illuminations, the wine-cup sparkled on many a table, while the bell and the cannon joined their mighty voices to the enthusiastic acclamations of men. And for what reason ? Because, with all this harvest of mourning and anguish to ourselves, our arms had succeeded in sending a still larger measure of agony to the nation with which we were at war ; and we forgot our own loss, in the assurance that some of our brethren of the human race, children of the same Father, were to suffer so much more. And this was the cause of our rejoicing ! this was what lighted up our hearts with joy and filled them with glory ! This is the way with beings to whom God has given consciences, and kind affections, and hearts which are not of stone. Herein is a contradiction which, however familiar to us, it is not easy to understand. It is not merely that the more tragical of the two events awakens the less feeling ; they call forth opposite feelings, though they are both forms of the same death and sorrow ; the smaller calamity is received with mourning, the greater is hailed with triumph and rapturous joy. Sweet and bitter waters flowing from the same fountain ! How shall we explain this



mystery of the heart? It can be accounted for only by the action of some silent, unconscious influences within us, which are so familiar to us that we do not perceive them, but which, like ocean currents, send us drifting, without knowing it, from our way. Such influences there are; they are found in the traditional impressions which pass down unexamined from generation to generation. We are not aware how they mislead and blind us; and there is nothing in which their unfortunate effect is so deeply felt as in the insensibility to the sins and sorrows of war which everywhere prevails, and nowhere so widely and firmly as in what is called, one would think by way of derision, the Christian world. The Christian world! professing allegiance to the Prince of Peace, and yet, in plain defiance of his law and spirit, trampled with armies, shaken with artillery, and drenched with human blood!

It may be well to look at the depraving influence which the practice of war has exerted on the moral sense and feeling of mankind. There are many who believe that all war is inconsistent with Christianity; and certainly, if men loved each other, it would be no easy matter to induce them to destroy each other; they who have the spirit of their Master could have little use for arms. But without taking this ground at present, let us give attention to a single branch of this great subject, — the manner in which war has darkened and misled the moral sense of men. We have consciences; we have power to discern the right from the wrong; but consciences, like candles, are of no great use, unless they are lighted; and very often, when they have passed through that essential process, the influences of this world either extinguish, or make them burn faint and dim.

The first instance of this that presents itself is the manner in which war reverses all human relations, setting up others in direct hostility to those which all true religion has attempted to establish and enjoin. The ancient prophet asked, "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?" And it was a chief object of our Saviour's coming to teach us that we are all brethren, sharers of the same destiny, bound together by ties of obligation which can never be undone. But the human heart is ingenious in self-justification; and when the founder of the Hebrew Law had given the glorious command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," the bloody hand of war wrote its own charge,

“Thou shalt hate thine enemy,” over against it, and the two went forth to men and down to future ages, like twin precepts, though one was from above, the other from below, a ray of sunshine side by side with a red gleam from hell; and when the Saviour came, the Jews did not know, till he told them, that they had not both proceeded from the same Source of light. The selfsame thing has been done in later times. The author of Christianity endeavoured to take care that the same fatal mistake might not be made again; he gave the solemn, explicit, and repeated charge, “Love your enemies,” and over against this the bloody hand of war has written, not indeed on the sacred page, but on the hearts of those who read it, “Kill your enemies,” and for ages they have done it, without even being aware of any inconsistency between this command and the other. But there stands the Saviour’s command, “Love your enemies.” Where is the authority that can release his followers from the obligation? Has he given them a dispensation to do in war what it would be guilty in the extreme to do at any other time? What can they plead in justification, for following a maxim so fatally hostile to his own? It is true, there is a saying, that in war the laws are still. But this, we apprehend, only states things as they are, and gives no reason why they should be so. There are times when men consent that their own laws shall be superseded by military authority; but God has never consented that his commands shall be put down by martial law. They stand in full force, as binding in one set of circumstances as in another, never to be abrogated in peace or war; and we shall find that it is not well to suffer men’s traditions, prejudices, or passions to ride over his authority in the heart.

Not only does war reverse those kind relations which God intended should bind us together, not only does it frame its own laws and set up its own authority above that of God; it so far depraves the feelings, as to give us a strange and savage delight in those miseries which ought to awaken, and under other circumstances would awaken, painful sympathy, even in cold and selfish hearts. There is nothing else which does this. The enmities of this world, bitter and unrelenting as they often are, all cease at the grave. No man in private life rejoices over the death of his adversary; he is rather moved to sadness at the thought of their alienation; there is nothing in his spirit which inclines him to triumph

over the dead. And when individuals engage in their own private war, — a practice which may be palliated by that sense of personal injury which national war can never plead, a practice which, barbarous as it is, can be sustained by more and better reasons than are alleged in defence of public war, — if one leaves the other dead on the duel-ground, and children are made fatherless and a wife a widow, is there any thing like exultation in the friends of the survivor? Are they happy and triumphant at the thought of what he has done? On the contrary, there is deep sadness on every brow, and voices of stern condemnation are lifted up against him; sometimes, as in a memorable instance, he becomes an outcast on the earth, like Cain, for simply doing no more than it is deemed right and glorious for any nation to do. For the nation sends out brave men, many of whom know not the cause of strife, and others care not for it, and a large proportion of whom regard the quarrel as unjust, and when they have mangled, tortured, and slain each other, and hundreds have been hurried into eternity, making widows, orphans, and mourners without number, and sending far and wide the sad inheritance of the broken heart, why, then there must be shouts of victory, torch-light processions, and blazing windows, with unmeasured riotous excess; and all for what? Because men, uninjured and unprovoked, have sent crowds of their fellow-men, by a swift and bloody passage, to bear witness against them and the nation that employed them at the judgment-seat of God. We have only to consider what a glorious victory is; if we had a son or a brother among the slain, it would tend much to enlighten us; and we should learn whether it is really a subject of joy and exultation, and not rather of sorrow and shame. Surely, there are ages of barbarism concentrated in such glory and joy as this. That men can feel it, and applaud themselves for feeling it, shows how deeply the practice has corrupted the moral discernment of the mind and the affections of the human heart.

But it may not be amiss to look more closely into the subject, and to examine what are considered as the rights of war. The least examination shows that they are no better than wrongs; and if they were now presented for the first time, instead of having been sanctioned by long antiquity, they would be regarded as a most impudent outrage on the common-sense of mankind. All writers on the subject allow that the relations of nations are like those of individuals;

one people is bound to another people as two men are to each other. But did any man in his senses ever believe that a simple declaration, that a state of hostility existed between him and his neighbour, could release him from the obligation of all other duties, and give him a right to take that neighbour's life? And yet it is nothing but a declaration of war, which is itself in general a piece of shameless falsehood, that can be alleged in defence of the slaughter which follows when nations rise in arms; while so familiar and so little thought of is the whole proceeding, that no one dreams of wrong about it anywhere, and least of all are they who have caused the sin and suffering concerned to know how they shall answer it to God. He looks, in every thing, at the right and the wrong. No rich and splendid associations can darken his counsels or dim his all-discerning eye. To him the meeting of hosts in "magnificently stern array" is as insignificant as the scuffle round a peddler's wheel. The advantage taken by the small knave with his pack of cards, and the great knave with his armies, is all one, save that he sets the seal of his deepest damnation on those who are most insensible to the wrongs and sorrows of their fellow-men.

It is edifying to see how these rights of war are extended so as to cover any thing and every thing which it pleases a powerful nation to do. Does any man in private life believe that his having slain a neighbour's children can give him a valid title to that neighbour's estate? And would it not be considered as sin upon sin, heaped like mountains on each other? And if he pointed to his written declaration of hostilities in defence of it, would not his hypocritical pretence of right be considered as insult added to injury, making the crime yet greater, if more atrocious it could be? But such is precisely the way with Christian nations, as they delight to call themselves, — *ut lucus a non lucendo*. And, as if to serve as an illustration of the fact, such is the manner in which they are now employed. England, having cleared the way for her opium, or, as she pleases to phrase it, having opened the way for Christianity to enter China, is now engaged in digging a bloody grave for the people of New Zealand and Hindostan, who have not yet learned how entirely she has dispossessed them of all right to their own soil by bringing against them a declaration of war. The New Zealanders, as we learn from Darwin, a late English traveller, are fast



advancing in civilization and much inclined to Christianity, misrepresented as it is by the drunken and licentious foreigners among them. The Sikhs of India too, though a manly and high-spirited people, and, unlike the Hindoos, worshippers of one God, are dull in comprehending how they lose all claim to their own country when they become enemies of England. To punish this obtuseness, she pours her cannonballs into living masses of these barbarians, — for so an eyewitness describes the process, — and thus converts them to Christianity, expounds to them the nature of human obligation, or, if they refuse the instruction, sends them to be enlightened in another world. Then, too, we see the “most Christian” Majesty of France applying the same martial law to the little island of Tahiti, which he happens to want for a naval station; and because the poor natives, though a kind and generous race, are not sufficiently informed on these subjects to know how their small country ceased to be their own when they became enemies of France, they are destined, after a desperate resistance, to be swept into the sea and to leave their homes to Christians. In Northern Africa he pursues the same course, though not as yet with distinguished success. By virtue of having driven out the Algerines, he takes possession of regions which they never claimed; and in order to enlighten the wretched Arabs, a French colonel burns them by hundreds at a time, an act which his most Christian Majesty indorses without a word of censure, and thus makes his name a stench and a hissing to every coming age. Russia, though still half barbarous, is following fast in the same holy career. The partition of Poland was an act of glory which the world will never forget; but in her attempt to teach the rights of humanity to the Circassians, she meets at present with no encouraging success. The tribes there, wild as their native mountains, deny her title, however solemnly laid down; and, sustained by exiled Poles, offer a resistance which all her armies cannot overcome. The statesmen of these great nations, lest haply they should be mistaken for godless picaroons, are careful to adorn every public document with the Holy Name, and nothing can exceed the sanctified air with which they call Him to witness their moderation, conscientiousness, and truth.

How far our country is to profit by these beautiful examples we are yet to see. We sent our armies into what we had always treated as Mexican soil; this, of course, was perfect-

ly friendly and proper ; but the Mexicans resisted, as we might possibly have done in their place, and this was an act of war. Thus made our enemies, they are subject to be plundered or cut down at our own sweet will, and we need hardly say that the work has been most faithfully done. But we do not manage the matter with the adroitness of veterans in the art. Forgetting that we have agreed to say that Mexico made war on us, we proceed to make an apology to the civilized world, which is perfectly needless, when we only follow their example. Still, we set forth a multitude of reasons for our making war on her, which some think an illustration of the manner in which truth looks out from the window, however carefully we shut the door. But, at any rate, the Mexicans are our enemies ; and now, whatever we please to take from them is unquestionably ours. Dr. Johnson told the story of one Bet Flint, a lady of light life and conversation, who stole a counterpane, for which she was tried for her life and acquitted. She received the verdict with great satisfaction, and said, " Now the counterpane is my own, I shall make a gown of it." From the great similarity in moral views, one would think that Bet must have been the Eve from whom our Christian nations sprang. Flints undoubtedly they are, so far as moral sensibility is concerned ; and the lady in question, had she any disquiet of conscience afterwards (which does not appear to have been the case), might have been comforted with the assurance, that, if it is right in nations to steal territory which they do not want, there could be no possible objection to her supplying herself with raiment, in which she did not abound.

But these rights of war, as they are called, can be more accurately understood, if seen from another point of view. Over against every right there is a corresponding duty. If the loose old lady who was empress of Russia, with her sister sovereign, the Austrian devotee, and Frederic the Great, the most remarkable human petrification the world ever saw, — if this triangle of Cyprian, saint, and sinner had a right to dismember Poland, the last act of which tragedy has just been completed by the Austrian seizure of Cracow, why, then, it was no doubt the duty of the Poles to submit to it. But such is not the view which the world has taken of their obligation. They have been cheered on in every brave endeavour to redeem their native land from its usurping masters. And in general, it may be seen that the moral

sense of any people is sharp and clear enough, where their own imaginary interest is not concerned. Thus, France is fully awake to the enormity of other pretensions, and remonstrates vigorously against the sin and shame of what Austria just now has done. England weeps aloud at the sight of American slavery, and kindles with a holy indignation at the thought of the French aggressions, without one misgiving for her own. The people of these United States prime and load their long speeches, on all occasions, with bitter censures of other nations for this same besetting sin; but when they see a chance to extend their territory by the same process, they are easily persuaded that what would be a crime in any other case is but just and necessary in theirs, and therefore they shut up the dark-lantern of their conscience, and proceed without scruple to the work which they undertake to do. But when they talk of right, they should remember, that, if we have a right to kill the Mexicans and seize their territory, it is the duty of the Mexicans to submit; and perhaps it would be better to employ missionaries to go among them, and endeavour to bring them up to a sense and acknowledgment of the duty. Far better this than to squander thousands of lives and millions of treasure to accomplish by force what might be gained, if we have a right to it, by peaceful surrender. The very suggestion shows how painfully ridiculous is all this prating about rights created by the act of war. The old Romans never debauched their minds by any such hypocritical pretences. They did what they pleased, without concerning themselves about the right or the wrong, while our Anglo-Saxon civilization, which, after all, is only a form of sanctimonious barbarism, kills, burns, and destroys on the week-days, and on the Sabbath preaches of righteousness and judgment to come, without being aware of any inconsistency between its words and deeds. It may be well, however, to reflect that our own self-complacency is not the best measure of excellence or faithfulness, and that the verdict which our own feeling gives may not be affirmed on high.

Again, the duties of war are very similar to its rights, — enormous perversions of the truth, which would be laughable, if the subject was one of less grave concern. Can any human being in his senses persuade himself that it is really his duty to mangle, plunder, and kill his brother-man, who has done no injury to him or to his country? What duty requires

it? It is not easy to find any obligation in Christianity or in natural religion which enjoins this work upon him. What system of morals is it, then, which enjoins as a duty what all religion so expressly forbids? The answer is, his duty to his country. But what is his duty to his country? If he is bound to serve it to the best of his ability, he may find, if he will look into the matter, that there are better ways of doing this; indeed, he will not find it easy to explain what benefit he secures to his own land by floating another with blood. It is idle folly to suppose that one nation ever prospers at the expense of another. The true interests of all are exactly the same; and no one ever gains any thing from the ruins of another, but the false and hollow name of glory, falling like a drop-curtain to hide the ghastly forms of distress, licentiousness, and all corruption, which even the successful war sends home. But if it were possible (as it is not) for one nation to gain any thing for itself by injury offered to another, the question would return, Can it be duty to inflict those injuries? Is there any real obligation to do it? If so, it must be a sin to refuse to do it; for no man can excuse himself for neglecting a duty. But will any one say that he who will not shoot others in such warfare is a sinner? Do we exhort him to repent and flee from the wrath to come? Does any body ask how he can reconcile it to his conscience to stay at home? Do we hear the ancient malison, "Cursed is he that keepeth back his sword from blood"? It is not very common, we apprehend, to hear any one lamenting on his death-bed that he has so few exploits of this kind to remember; nor does the thought of having taken the little ones of another people and dashed them against the stones give much peace and comfort to the dying heart. We think we can safely promise those who have persuaded themselves of the existence of such a duty, that, should they be somewhat remiss in performing it, no great remorse for that neglect will embitter their closing hours.

But when men talk in this way, does it never occur to them that they have duties to those with whom they are at war? They call them their enemies. Well. In that case their duty is made exceedingly plain. It is to love their enemies; and if they call themselves Christians, it is not easy to see how they will escape from the obligation. Were it only that they are our human brethren, sons of the same Father, our course with respect to them would seem to be



obvious enough ; but by calling them our enemies, we bring the case under the strictest interpretation of the Christian law. And do we really believe that we love our enemies, when we destroy their lives, invade their borders, plunder their property, and trample down their fields and homes with the bloody steps of war ? Or how shall we reconcile such treatment with this command, which we so readily acknowledge ourselves bound to obey ? Is it not one of those instances in which our traditions have made the word of God of no effect ; and is it possible to suffer our conscience to bend the knee to those traditions without disowning our allegiance to the King of kings ? The military theory of morals comes thus in direct conflict with the Christian ; and as that theory would charge with high crime a soldier who should disobey his orders, so Christianity will not hold guiltless those who in words profess their reverence for it, while they choose and travel in the very path where it forbids them to go.

Another perversion of the true idea of duty is seen in the language which statesmen sometimes use respecting war. They labor to show that a war is unjust and dishonorable ; they charge those who have plunged their country into it with falsehood to their trust ; and as soon as they take their places in the public councils, where their influence and action can be felt, they say, what ? Not, as one would suppose, that it must be brought to an end as soon as possible, — but that it must be sustained. A strange inference, sure enough. Sustained ? And, pray, for what reason ? Why, simply because it is begun. That is, a work which they themselves pronounce unjust and disgraceful in the extreme must be maintained even to its unjust and disgraceful close, wherever that may be, and for no better reason than because it is begun. Is such our obligation with respect to crimes ? If we have told a lie, does a sense of duty require us to stand to it, and tell five hundred more, — ay, to keep on till the necessity of lying shall cease ? Surely, this is singular reasoning ; and whoever should follow the same maxim in private life would soon secure a reputation as ragged as a scarecrow in the spring. Common sense and Christian principle would teach us rather, if we have done wrong, to do so no more, to repent of what we have done wrong, and to use our best endeavours to repair it. How it should be unjust and dishonorable to commence a work of sin, and not

equally unjust and dishonorable to become accessory to it, must be proved from authorities which we have been so ignorant or so fortunate as never yet to see.

But more of this. The martial morals of which we have spoken have introduced a doubled and twisted idea of duty, by which the statesman, though he deplores and denounces the war, can and ought to vote for it in council ; or, what is the same thing, for supplies to carry it on. Though, as a man, he considers it a sorrow and shame to his country, as a statesman he must lend his aid to it, lifting up one hand in pious horror at its enormity, and at the same time voting substantially in favor of it with the other. And all this, according to the military theory, is perfect consistency, involving no contradiction between the word and the deed. Now it is certain that no member of a state can lawfully offer physical resistance to the acts of his government. That amount of acquiescence his allegiance to the state necessarily implies, since without it no nation could endure. But this requires no suppression of conscience, no misprision of the truth ; for all the while he is at perfect liberty to use his moral and intellectual influence to bring his countrymen to a right discernment of the subject, and no power can make him instrumental in sustaining measures which his heart condemns as wrong. But it is one thing to refrain thus from physical resistance, which would be treason, and quite another to supply the means and the men required to carry on the war. It is true, there may be circumstances in which an army is endangered, when something may be done for their relief ; but as soon as any purpose of aggression is manifest, whoever does any thing in aid or support of it, while his conscience disowns it, takes a heavy share of the responsibility upon his own soul. It is precisely like furnishing an assassin with money and arms, knowing the guilty purpose for which he intends to use them. Honor forbids it ; patriotism forbids it ; and conscience says, " Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," in tones, which, though inaudible, are more impressive than the thunder's voice.

There is still another of these fantastic duties enjoined upon us by the ethics of the sword ; it is, to rejoice, under all circumstances, in the success of our country's arms. Can it be that patriotism is at war with the moral sense ? Must we give up our conscience for our country ? If one of our children goes into a neighbour's premises to steal his proper-

ty, to violate his daughters, to kill his household, and to burn his dwelling, no one will say that we ought to exult in such doings because the ruffian is of our own race. And yet, when deeds in substance the same are done by hirelings in the service of our country, whoever cannot find it in his heart to triumph in their success is denounced and despised as a traitor. This point of morality it is not so easy to understand. The true heart must always take sides with what it considers the injured party. Most certainly we cannot rejoice in any injury or misfortune which comes to our countrymen ; but if they are engaged in a dishonorable and guilty service, we cannot regret to see them under the necessity of returning without having succeeded. And when we are called upon to exult in a victory, it may be well to consider what a victory is. All the gain is, that our troops have driven back the enemy from some barren plain, sunk some of their ships with the seamen in them, or taken some town which is of no use to any but the owners. And in order to secure these blessings, doubtful as they are, there is the certainty that great numbers of men have fallen. In the advantages gained there is no cause of rejoicing ; no one gains any thing in comfort or possessions by the boasted success ; and the cause of exultation, if there is any, can be found only by counting the number of the dead. And in this, too, there is some perplexity of feeling. We are not, of course, expected to rejoice that so many of our countrymen are slain. O, no ! for then we must toll funeral bells, and sing dirges, and mourn with a grand parade of woe. But how can we make this distinction between our own and those who have fallen on the other side ? We had nothing against them, — if we had, it would have made no difference ; but they were no enemies of ours. We cannot be glad that they are cut off from the living, and that widows and orphans deplore them. And in fact, this wide work of death occasioned by a human pestilence is one in which we can find no cause whatever of joy. What, then, can we think of this duty of rejoicing in victories, rejoicing in death and sorrow, rejoicing in violence and blood ? For our part, we shall leave it to bells and cannon, which have no conscience to prevent their saying what they are made to speak. And as to this division of feeling, by which the patriot shouts with delight over the numbers of the enemy's dead, and at the same time weeps and makes long faces for his countrymen who have



bitten the dust, it may be something very self-consistent and graceful, but we cannot understand it, and we shall not lament our ignorance if we never do.

But the most extraordinary perversion of the true idea of duty, for which we are indebted to war, is the notion, — for we cannot call it by a more respectable name, — that it is the duty of a soldier to engage in those excesses and perform those deeds which he detests and condemns in his heart. It is nearly enough to state it in words. The plain English of it is, his duty requires him to do what he cannot do conscientiously ; he is bound to aid in doing what he admits that his country ought to be ashamed to do. His honor requires him to engage in a dishonorable business. One would say that his path was sufficiently clear ; it is, to leave a station in which any thing of that kind is expected from him. Others, who see the matter in a different light, may perform the service, but he must have no part in the wrong. Taking the question apart from military morals, it is perfectly evident that no man is at liberty to make a machine of himself. God has made him a moral agent ; he has a conscience, and should have a mind of his own ; he ought to resent the idea of being made a tool to do what he himself declares to be a deadly sin. But he finds this way of duty shut against him. However clear it may be that he acts from principle, he will be called a poltroon ; if he throws up his commission, though every one knows that he is brave and manly, he will be shunned and dishonored as a coward. Rather than encounter the pelting of such a storm, there are many who obey their orders, go on in resistance to their conscience, and, to escape the suspicion of want of courage, incur the displeasure of their God. And really it requires more nerve, more moral energy, more determination of purpose, more of every thing that makes a hero, to face this reproach, than to march up to the heaviest battery that ever blazed in the front of war. How strange, in a Christian land, is such an impression, by which the poorest of all baseless illusions is exalted into a commanding reality, while God, eternity, and conscience are set aside as if they were very little things !

We were never so much impressed with the effect of setting up this phantasm of duty in place of the true one, as when we read the account of the death of a gallant officer, given by the friend who was with him in his last hours. During the night, — it was the last of his earthly existence ! —



he often spoke with deep interest, not of the eternal state to which he was rapidly tending, — no such thing, — but of the effect with which his artillery played on the enemy, of the numbers which it swept down, and of the greater execution it would make, should he ever join the battle again. When the gloom of death was darkening around him, he was sustained by the confidence that he had done his duty ! What he thought his duty as a soldier had been bravely and faithfully done. But where was his duty to God, to the Saviour, and to his fellow-men ? His death-bed was lighted up only by reflecting on his fidelity in a war which, we are told, he believed unjust on the part of his country. If it is so with amiable men, of stainless character in their social relations, it can be no matter of surprise to find persons of a different stamp laying the same unction to their souls. There was Nelson, for example, that monarch of the bleeding deck, who lived in adultery, defiled his conscience with murder for the sake of his wretched paramour, and died in mean and guilty separation from his faithful wife and children ; his last words were, “ Thank God ! I have done my duty.” Conceive of him as standing at the judgment, with the light of eternity flashing in upon his soul, and boasting there that he had done his duty. His duty to whom ? No matter to whom, for he had been basely untrue to all the strongest obligations which can rest upon the human heart.

We have next to look at the effect of war and its attending influences to injure mankind, by creating false standards of character, fixing admiration and applause on unworthy objects, and wasting on plunderers and destroyers that enthusiasm which should be kept sacred to great benefactors of their race. Among our Saviour’s far-reaching disclosures was that memorable one, that usefulness is the measure of greatness, that whoever renders the greatest amount of beneficent service is in truth the most exalted, whether men do him reverence or not, and he who does most to injure and deprave them is really, and should be numbered, among the lowest of mankind. But how different from this the feeling of men has been ! They have not required either moral or intellectual eminence in those whom they delighted to honor. They have worshipped physical courage, mere hardness and insensibility of nerve, which is by far the meanest of all the forms of courage ; they have exalted this above the powers of the mightiest understanding or the affec-

tions of the largest heart. And so far from looking for any thing like human sympathy, or a desire to serve them, they have labored under a sort of insanity on the subject of character. Nothing can exceed the meanness with which they have flattered their worst enemies, licking the hands that lashed them and the feet that trod them down, without one grateful thought to spare for those who have enlarged the boundaries of thought, or enriched the world with useful arts and inventions, or even for those who, in glorious self-forgetfulness, have lived, labored, and died for the sake of human welfare, entirely regardless of their own.

In all these respects the world seems to have been going backward ; the shadow on the dial of history would seem to indicate a descending sun. For even the chivalry of the dark ages, that wild and romantic fancy, is invested with a kind of Gothic grandeur by reason of the lofty feelings which it inspired. It required courage, indeed, but as a thing of course, — a trait which it was disgraceful to want, but not an honor to have ; while it exalted the virtues of humanity, of high and generous courtesy, of manly and gentle bearing, placing foremost on its list of excellence a desire to protect the helpless and to redress all human wrongs. But in these our days a man may pass for a hero on the strength of one virtue, though shaded with a thousand crimes. The readers of paltry novels are as much enchanted with sentimental pickpockets and highwaymen, as if they were really great and good. The captain of these pestilent scribblers, Bulwer, now somewhat out of date, wants no better hero than a wretch who has murdered another for a few shillings, and can find no earthly reason in his own heart why such a creature should not be a subject of reverence and love. It is difficult to tell whether such works are more distinguished by the nonsense or the depravity in which they abound. They are rich in both, and we should not be surprised to learn that the same is true of the lawless gang who write them. The public mind must be widely perverted to endure such an opinion of its taste as these ministrations imply ; and it could never have been reduced to a state so humiliating except by the corrupting and darkening influences of war, which with its devil-worship has invented and disseminated a religion of its own. Christianity enters into no such counsels ; she sees these things with other eyes ; she keeps her crowns for those whom men think little of ; and hers is the

only word that shall stand for ever. Why, the poor Mexican woman at Monterey, who went forth in the battle to give water to the mangled sufferers of both armies and bind up their bleeding wounds, and was there shot down as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, was an object of far higher interest in the sight of angels and of God, than the greatest of those who, as the phrase is, covered themselves with glory there. Her crown is of a fashion which is incorruptible and fadeth not away, because, unlike theirs, it is undefiled with blood.

There can be no stronger instance of this perversion of feeling on the subject of character than the enthusiasm which the name of Napoleon awakens. When he came forward so brilliantly, his country was resisting invasion ; and when he rolled back the tide of war into the camps and countries of those invaders, all hearts cheered him onward, as one who was fighting the battles of the free. But when it became clear that he was a slave to low ambition, and was determined to act the poor part of a selfish usurper, they could hardly believe that he was no longer the same ; they hoped that their fears might deceive them ; till he had placed the imperial crown upon his head, he kept the confidence of all but the La Fayettees of France. His talent and force of character were wonderful indeed ; the grasp of mind which he manifested in discussing the laws of his empire give the highest impression of his intuitive sagacity and far-reaching power. But it was only his intellectual and active energy which made him great ; for his heart was as barren of all fine and generous affections as the arctic circle of verdure and flowers. His mother is reported to have said of him, that his heart was as hard and cold as one of his own cannonballs. In his younger days of comparative obscurity, he married a fine-spirited and queenly woman, who consented to share his fortunes when they were beneath her own. Afterwards, with the cold selfishness of an evil spirit, he put her away, to ally himself with a royal house, and left her to die in solitude of a broken heart. So unsympathizing was his nature, that he required his brothers to do the same ; but they happened to have human affections, and incurred his deep displeasure by resisting his will. We can see no touch of true humanity in his history, save one or two small flourishes of arbitrary and capricious kindness, and his being moved, on a field of battle, by the wailing of a dog over the



corpse of his fallen master ; he felt more for the desolate animal than for the thousands of human sufferers who were mourning those who had shed their blood for him. Again and again did he drain France of her sons, breaking up all domestic and social happiness, simply to gratify his own foolish and diseased ambition to cover fields with the dead. And this was the man for whom the world ran wild with enthusiasm ! Even now there is no bound to the rapture of his adorers. The glory of Washington, great and commanding as he is, seems cold and pale beside this idol of stone. And yet the fame of Washington is gaining upon the reverence of mankind, while that of Napoleon is growing dim. It shall die out like the transient flame of a bonfire sinking in darkness and ashes, while that of the great American is best described in those beautiful words, — “as the rising light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

The work of which we have given the title at the commencement of our remarks is in substance a history of some of Napoleon's campaigns. For his Marshals were nothing more than instruments in his mighty hand ; none of them apparently being men of great ability when left to themselves, but well fitted by their energy and daring to carry out the plans and purposes of their chief. They learned from him that they must accomplish the service assigned them, without the least regard to humanity ; and the one highest in his favor was always he who, with the loss of ten dead to one surviving, carried his bloody purpose triumphantly through. It is curious to see the exact resemblance which their campaigns bear to each other. Reading the successive chapters of this work is like attending so many rehearsals of a thunder-storm ; the senses are confused with the smoke of cannon and flashes of fire, but there is no distinct impression of what the chiefs and armies were about. By dint of rolling thunders, plunging masses, “falling earthquakes,” illuminated with an unreasonable proportion of meteors, volcanoes, and similar fireworks, the reader is stunned into admiration, and confesses that the whole affair is superlatively grand. It is matter of some surprise, that the author, who is understood to be a clergyman, should rejoice in such descriptions, at least that he should not file some small protest against them in the name of the Prince of Peace. He seems to be a disciple of the church militant, and reminds us of the old soldier whom



Mr. Balwhidder rejoiced to see so thoroughly converted, that he "read his Bible daily, delighting most of all in the books of Joshua, the Chronicles, and Kings." Should future researches be successful in recovering the lost book of the "Wars of the Lord," alluded to in the Old Testament, this writer would be the man of all others to translate it and set forth its beauties for the edification of the Christian world.

Of the execution of the work we cannot speak in the highest terms. It seems of the kind which is very likely to fascinate a taste that is youthful and unformed, partly by a rich display of finery like a theatrical wardrobe, and still more by its illustration of the fact, which many modern authors have discovered, that there is a power in certain scenes, which supersedes the necessity of any special power in the writer. There are many at the present day who trade with a capital of talent and information almost invisibly small, but who, by selecting very attractive subjects, striking in with some popular key-note, and beating high-sounding cymbals of eloquent language, make themselves masters of the younger part of the reading world, as the clang of tin kettles and warming-pans astonishes the natives of the hive into a dreamy submission, till they are carried captive at will. But every one to his fancy; we only say, that whoever would form a style or a taste in literature would do quite as well to follow Johnson's advice, and to give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison, as to abandon his mind to the works which are most eagerly devoured by the reading public of the day.

This writer, though he has talent, has evidently been at no great expense of thought or study in preparing the present work, nor can it be said that his idea of Napoleon is very thoroughly defined; but he gives the impression that he was more sinned against than sinning; that his wars were mainly defensive; and that, when it was otherwise, he was doing battle for the rights and liberties of mankind. This is made out by the easy process of proving that the powers opposed to him were, as every body knows, selfish, oppressive, and tyrannical; and this is taken as a complete justification of Napoleon, without any attempt to show how their being as bad makes him any better. While this writer calls him a moral dwarf, and keeps a judicious silence concerning the darker passages of his history, excepting the murder of D'Enghien, which he had better let alone, he contrives to

give the impression to his readers that the dwarf is a moral giant, as eminent in virtue as in ability, and surpassing other men as much in high and generous feeling as in energy of character and intellectual power. This, to be sure, he does not say ; but such is the effect of his labors, that most young persons, not thoroughly versed in that period of history, will rise from his work with more exalted impressions of Napoleon's magnanimity and tenderness than they ever had before ; while neither he nor they can give any reason for this change of opinion, except that Sir Walter Scott and Alison have been too severe upon him, that English writers are prejudiced, and that his enemies were not the best of men. That his soldiers were strongly attached to him is true ; but the same is true of many outlaws with their robber-gangs ; and it is one of the gravest charges which we have to bring against war, that it enables a bold and able man to inspire this attachment, like that of dogs to their master, where there is not one trait of character to deserve it. However, Mr. Headley evidently has no clear and self-consistent view of this great man to communicate to others ; and it is unfortunate that the dim and misty impressions which he conveys should be so misguided and misleading. He says, that, if Napoleon had founded an Oriental empire, as he once proposed, he would have been as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states, as heartless in the means he employed, as reckless of the law of nations, as perfidious in his policy, as cruel in his slaughters, and as grasping for territory, as Great Britain has ever been. In other words, he would have been very much the same sort of person in that point of the compass that he was in the West ; which is enough to show that human admiration, when lavished on such a character, is worse than thrown away.

The history of Napoleon is sufficient to illustrate the fact, that war has depraved and injured nations by changing shame into glory and glory into shame. It has destroyed that good understanding with each other, which is essential to their common prosperity ; it has forced them into the position of enemies, when the God of nature meant them to be friends, and gave them at least sufficient light to discover, that, when any one aims a blow at another, it is sure to return to his own heart, wounding deeply, perhaps fatally, by the looseness of principle, the licentiousness of every kind, and the taste for violence, which victory leaves as an inheritance

to the coming generations. Strange as it may seem, the public law of Europe is founded on the maxim, that nations are enemies to each other. This truth is not brought home to us as perhaps it may be at some future day. The States of our Union are so many nations bound together by a common government, which takes them out of this vicious position; but if the madness of party spirit or fanatical folly should ever sunder the bands which hold them together, they would relapse into it at once; they would become more bitter enemies, because they had once been friends; and instead of any part gaining in prosperity by the separation, there would follow a succession of border wars, and a frenzy of martial spirit and adventure, which would soon fill them all with an ample, if not an equal, proportion of poverty, wretchedness, and blood. Out of this state of things in Europe has grown what is there called the balance of power; a vision which has exercised a searing influence on the minds of statesmen for ages, and, like the fabulous Upas, in this respect as well as others, has been talked of, and sought, but never found. We see that England in the last century, and particularly in the wars which followed the French Revolution, spent lives without number, and a thousand millions of treasure, to maintain the balance of power; and now her suffering subjects, her grinding taxation, and the depths of poverty and sorrow which her outside magnificence but thinly covers, show what gain it has brought her. There is not a British statesman now, except perhaps some lingering ruin of the past, who does not lament this fatal policy of Pitt, "the pilot that weathered the storm." While they admire his stern disinterestedness and wonderful strength of heart, they see that, under the influence of this bewildering dream, he had wellnigh ruined his country. Sadly was he deceived in his expectation of establishing her prosperity so; had he cherished her inward strength, unfolded her vast resources, and kept all her energies at home in harmonious and successful action, the Ocean Queen would have ruled a nobler dominion and have won a brighter crown.

To show that a different policy is far more successful, we have an illustration so directly before our eyes, that it sets all doubts at rest. The present king of France is not only the ablest living monarch, — which is not saying much, — but is generally admitted to be one of the first of statesmen; certainly no one has ever shown more clear-headed



sagacity in accomplishing his purposes, whatever they may have been. He has held back his people from the wars into which they would fain be plunging, in order to favor the industry and bring out the rich resources of his country, and in that way to establish her standing among the nations. And the result is well worth observing. While in Tahiti, where he relies on warlike measures to carry out his base design, a handful of natives resist with success his attempt to rob them of their little island, — and while in Algiers, where he is engaged in the same piratical work, a small Arab chieftain of the desert, undismayed by his human burnt-offerings, laughs his marshals to scorn, so that he has not even success to balance the infamy of such proceedings, — in Europe, where peace is his perpetual watchword, he carries all before him with an easy command which no obstacle can withstand. To him, the balance of power is like the scales on a tradesman's counter, entirely under his control ; and we have just now seen, that, when he has arranged his selfish plan of a marriage for his son, though the faith of treaties and the voice of nations cry out against him, though England looks on with a fierce and angry scowl, he listens with a placid smile, takes no manner of notice of their remonstrances, and marches on to the accomplishment of his purpose, leaving other powers to breakfast with what appetite they may ; thus affording a marvellous example of the truth, that war is weakness and that peace is power, and suggesting the great truths which governments are so slow to understand, that health is the great element of stability and strength in the political as well as the physical system, that the convulsive spasms of battle are no indication of real energy, and that the vital and active powers are sure to be undermined, sooner or later, by the sharp disease of war.

We have not time to illustrate the truth which we have alluded to, — that any purpose can be accomplished more effectually without war than with it ; though we should not need to go far for interesting and striking examples. We do not believe in thorough non-resistance ; there must be a power somewhere to resist evil ; the Quaker exercises it, in his own way, as much as any other man. We have never been able to see the difference between resisting in action, and employing for the purpose, as some non-resistants do, the hardest terms of abuse afforded by the English language, which is quite wealthy in that sort of ware. They use the dialect of Wapping



with perfect unconsciousness that it is not in the exact spirit of their unreviling Master. But however this may be, there are some things which show that more can be done at times by not resisting than by any appeal to arms. An instance may be found in the cruise of an American frigate, which lately returned from a voyage round the globe. When the captain was in the China seas, he heard from a French Catholic missionary who was imprisoned in a town of Cochin China, and generously determined to go and set the captive free. He sailed to the port in question, and certain proceedings followed, which we give, we believe, substantially as they took place, though of course in language of our own. He demanded the prisoner from the authorities of the place; all he could get from them was that they knew nothing about him; and when he said that he had evidence that the Frenchman was their prisoner, they said, if so, he knew more than they. Finding that negotiations were not successful, he threatened to batter down their city with his broadside, if the prisoner was not forthcoming; to which they replied, that, if it would be any satisfaction, there was nothing to prevent his doing it. But doubting whether his government would approve of that strong measure, since the territory is one which cannot be conveniently annexed to the United States, he armed his officers and men, and proceeded to the city, determined to fight them; it was intimated that he could fight if he pleased, but not with them, as they had something else to do. Exasperated at this coolness, he seized the mandarins, took them on board his ship, and sent word that he should keep them till the prisoner was surrendered. What was his dismay to be informed, that, if he liked their company, he was perfectly welcome to keep them to the end of time. After remaining several days, he found that he could do nothing but sail away, and not with perfect satisfaction. Three days after, a French ship arrived, and the prisoner was immediately delivered up. On being asked why they had not surrendered him to the American, the answer was, because it was none of that gentleman's business. This shows the invulnerable power of non-resistance in some cases, and also illustrates the wisdom and efficiency of keeping reason and right on one's side.

We can only allude to our Saviour's saying, of divinest wisdom, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." It is apt to be so with individuals; in the case of

nations, there is no exemption. It is of no use for them to lay their foundations in blood. Sooner or later these give way, and their false glory lies low in the dust. Every one of the successive empires which from time to time have arisen to desolate the world has borne testimony to the operation of this law. After shooting up into the sight of men like rockets in the darkness, they explode and leave no trace in the earth or the skies, save the remembrance of that usurping spirit which made the nations curse them while they flourished, and triumph over them when fallen. Eminently was this true of the destroyer of our own day ; after choosing the beaten walk of common ambition, he could not fabricate an empire equal to that of Charlemagne before him ; and when, against the counsel of all wise and friendly advisers, he determined to exalt his throne on "the sides of the north," the day of change and retribution came ; his dominions were rent asunder, and he himself was banished, a lonely and discontented exile, to a rock in the heart of the seas. Nothing can be more impressive than the presentment of this great truth in the ancient prophet's vision, where he represents the downfall of the Assyrian from the height of his power ; he is cast down from his elevation into the regions of the dead. The kings of the earth, who lie there in glory, every one with sword under his head, rise up to meet his coming ; they bend on him their pale and sullen brows, saying, "Art thou become weak as we ?" "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble ?" And well does the Christian poet represent the tyrannical nation as triumphed over by the nations which it oppressed : —

"Do we see  
The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
Thou that hast wasted earth and dared despise  
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,  
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.  
Is this the god, the thunder of whose hand  
Rolled over all our desolated land,  
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,  
And made the nations tremble at thy frown?  
The sword shalt light upon thy boasted powers,  
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours."

W. B. O. P.

---

## ART. II. — MAN'S ENMITY TO GOD.\*

THE volume, the title of which is given below, is a large octavo of more than five hundred pages, handsomely printed, elaborately written, the result evidently of much reflection, but yet, from the nature of the subject, not likely to attract many readers. The author is undoubtedly a studious man, and an earnest seeker after truth. He belongs, apparently, to no sect; he is of his own order, — *sui generis*. Our readers may easily fall into the error of confounding him with Rev. J. H. Thom, the esteemed minister of the Renshaw Street Chapel in Liverpool. They are advocates, however, of very different forms of Christian theology.

It is often the fate of genius to fail of securing an immediate and general appreciation of its productions; and this negative misfortune is usually attended by another of a positive kind, which is even more unpleasant, namely, that of being obliged to pay for their publication. This double disappointment operates badly in two ways. In the first place, it mortifies those high imaginations and benumbs those creative energies which are the undisputed birthright of genius, and on which the hope of the world hangs; and, in the second place, it is apt to produce in the sufferer a gloomy view of life, misanthropy, and an opinion of human nature not so favorable as truth might warrant. We sincerely trust, however, that Mr. Thom has too much philosophy, as well as too many proofs that his works on theology are justly appreciated, to be in danger of a personal calamity of this sort. Yet we are not without misgivings; for this book certainly opens as though the "Divine Inversion," a former treatise of Mr. Thom, might not have received all the attention which in his judgment it merited; and as if the melancholy view of human nature had in consequence begun to settle into his mind, and to throw up its cloud over the objects of his contemplation. Still we do not despair; for it must be confessed that the author carries himself through the immense labor of this volume with great steadiness of nerve, with much amiability of temper, and as if, like Mr. Prynne, he could "write a folio much easier than a page." But

\* *The Three Grand Exhibitions of Man's Enmity to God.* By DAVID THOM, Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. London. 1845. 8vo. pp. xxxii., 558.

whatever we might be disposed to say in praise of the work, — of the industry, learning, ability, and candor which it displays, — we cannot in conscience commend it as a whole. For, not to speak in this place of its objectionable doctrines, it contains an "Introduction," and a "Summary" of great length, which were intended, no doubt, to furnish a clear and edifying synopsis of the contents, but which, in fact, only make confusion worse confounded. It is not every author, especially if he writes under an impression of his originality, who is able to give an intelligible account of his own productions, to translate his thoughts into common sense, and "to set them forth in order." This would be too much a work of method and detail. He is wise who leaves that office to his friends. Our author unfortunately seems not to have had this wisdom. His effort to open the mysteries of his book by a key at the beginning, and to present them in a birdseye view at the end, was a sad error of judgment; since these are the portions which are usually read first, and from which an opinion is at once formed of the merits of the entire book.

It would be presumptuous in us to undertake to do what our author himself was unable to accomplish; and we shall surely be caught in no such folly. We shall rather be content with the humbler duty of selecting some passages which may serve to indicate the prominent points of the work; venturing, also, it is possible, to offer a few suggestions in opposition to its fundamental idea.

It may be due, however, to our author to declare in advance that we have a religious repugnance to all *schemes* of divinity. In general, they serve no better purpose than to mislead the honest mind in its search after truth. Besides, the idea of a "scheme" of salvation, to our own minds, borders on profaneness. The word — and the thing itself, as frequently exhibited — is associated with a lottery and wheel of fortune. But there are minds so constituted, that they enjoy nothing so well as inventing, by new combinations of words and texts, new plans of grace; just as there are minds for ever on the rack to discover the philosopher's stone and the quadrature of the circle. Mr. Thom, if not one of this class, has certainly invented a new scheme of divinity; a scheme, too, which has all the merit of originality, though it borrows freely from several existing systems. In its combinations and in the grand result it is unique, and beyond all



controversy Mr. Thom's own. The author is a high-toned Calvinist,—rolling the doctrines of Total Depravity and Election as a “sweet morsel” under his tongue; a high Antinomian, in comparison with whom John Agricola was but a boy,—for he maintains that there is now no law for man, either of Moses or of Christ, of works or of faith, all having been fulfilled *for* him by our Lord; he is a Swedenborgian, in claiming a double sense for every word of the Old Testament; he is an Annihilationist, for he holds that human nature is to be utterly and for ever destroyed; and he is a Universalist, for it is the result of all his inquiries and reasonings, that all men are to be immediately, equally, and for ever happy after death.

Mr. Thom makes the total and universal enmity of man to God the foundation of his theory. “The enmity of man to God is complete. It extends equally to man's intellect, to man's will, and to man's affections. And it makes its appearance in every case in which an opportunity is afforded to it to do so.” (p. xiii.) “Enmity to God is not merely a quality of human nature, but constitutes the very basis, principle, or essence of human nature.” (p. 3.) “My grand proposition, resting on the basis of revealed truth, is, that man's mind, consisting of fleshly intellect and will, *is enmity against God*; or, in other words, that man is not merely *different from*, but that he stands diametrically *opposed to*, God, in his very nature itself, and therefore in all his feelings, tendencies, desires, views, and pursuits.” (p. 501.) Assuming, without attempting to prove, the truth of this proposition, Mr. Thom asserts that it is one of which the great majority of mankind are profoundly ignorant, and which is held even by most of those who adopt it at the expense of logical consistency. We give his own forcible words on this point. Speaking of the proposition above mentioned, he says:—

“Socinians absolutely loathe it. Numerous individuals and bodies of individuals who disclaim being actuated by Socinian principles conceive that, however decidedly opposed to God on the whole man may be, there are nevertheless to be discovered in his nature some remains of good qualities and dispositions—a certain latent love to God—by which his enmity to that glorious Being is counteracted, if not even neutralized. Others, again, who cannot subscribe to this idea, fancy that the enmity of man to God—the natural existence of which they do not dispute—is capable, without any injury to his nature, of being re-

moved ; and that he, as a mere human being, may be induced to love God by means of the civilizing and refining influence of the precepts, motives, and examples of Scripture. While even the strictest classes of professors, — those who lay it down as a fixed and undeniable maxim, that there exists, on the part of man, such a native and thorough opposition to God as nothing but a new creation in Christ Jesus can overcome, — betray their ignorance by self-inconsistently contending for *the natural ability of man to love, serve, and obey God* : that is, by contending for the possession of this ability on the part of a creature *acknowledged by themselves to be essentially opposed to God* ; and by representing this as imposing an obligation on every descendant of Adam to believe the Gospel ! In other words, while Socinians openly and honestly avow their conviction that the doctrine of man's essential enmity to God is untrue, and proceed on the strength of this their denial to invest human nature with qualities the most lovely and attractive, thousands who disavow the Socinian theory, but are in reality Socinians at heart, evince an equal although a less honest and straightforward hatred of this truth : and this, either by representing the enmity of man to God as coexisting in him with qualities, the tendency of which is to recommend him to the Divine favor ; or by supposing the enmity capable of being withdrawn from human nature, without there existing any necessity for the destruction, by means of the new creation of that nature ; or by most absurdly and inconsistently making a creature who is, by their own admission, essentially opposed to God, to be nevertheless qualified to love, serve, and obey God.

“ In clear, marked, and diametrical opposition to all such open denials, and indirect although equally infidel sappings of divine truth, does Scripture itself proclaim the doctrine of the enmity of man to God : not only laying down the enmity as a matter of fact, but likewise showing it to be so deeply seated in, so essential to the nature of man, that only by the destruction of the nature itself can the enmity, as necessarily involved in it, and as necessarily therefore sharing its fate, come to an end and pass away.” — pp. 3-5.

So it seems “ the strictest classes of professors ” are “ Socinians at heart ” in their views of human nature ! It may be so, but we rather think they will hold out in the inconsistency which our author fixes upon them, a good while, before they acknowledge that they are. It is harder to confess an error than to maintain a fallacy.

Proceeding from his fundamental idea, Mr. Thom maintains that the several dispensations of revealed religion have had for their primary object to bring out and make manifest

by successive exhibitions the abiding and exhaustless enmity of human nature to God ; that intellectual growth in the race, with increase of religious privileges, has had no other effect, as it had no other design, than to evolve new and more striking expressions of that hatred which constitutes the inmost nature of man ; that there has therefore been a progressive development of human enmity, corresponding to the progressive manifestations of Divine love, through all the ages from Adam till now ; and that, as the enmity of man increases, so does his punishment increase likewise.

There are three grand epochs or eras in which this enmity has been exhibited, corresponding to three grand "experiments" of the Divine Being upon human nature. The first was the paradisiacal ; and the "experiment" consisted in imposing on man a single law, *of the nature of a prohibition*, the lightest kind of all law, as the test of his ability to yield obedience to God. The result was, that Adam violated the single and apparently light and easily borne Divine prohibition. So far from resisting, he actually surrendered at the very first summons of the enemy. Such was the first "exhibition" of enmity to God on the part of man. And all this took place according to the Divine purpose.

"Man was God's creature, invested with the nature which God saw meet to confer on him ; and in paradise, a place prepared for him by God, was he temporarily stationed, where by circumstances, every one of Divine arrangement, he was surrounded. Therefore all that happened to him, and all that he did, were necessarily according to the Divine purpose and pre-appointment. Upon him, by God himself, through an instrumentality adapted to the end aimed at, was an experiment made ; and this experiment had, and could not but have had, the result which actually took place." — p. 43.

The era of the second "experiment" embraces all that period between the fall of Adam and the end of the Apostolic age. It is made upon a single nation, as the former had been upon a single individual. Its design is to test the ability of this nation — who for that purpose represent the whole human race — not merely to obey a law of prohibition under the fear of losing by disobedience what was already possessed and enjoyed, but also to obey a *law of command under the promise and hope of reward*.

"Mere man had hitherto shown himself unable to abstain from violating laws of prohibition, sanctioned by threatenings of loss.

Is he so decidedly opposed to God as to be unable to obey a law of command, when sanctioned by the most glorious and affecting promises? " — p. 117.

All the circumstances of the descendants of Abraham — their wanderings, their captivities, their religious institutions, their miracles, their prophets' tongues — were but a series of experiments adapted to bring out and make manifest through successive generations their enmity, while they were at the same time preliminary and subservient to one grand experiment to be made at the appearing of the Son of Man, when the great law of command, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," was made the final test which should determine their fate as the people and church of God, for ever. But, further, this second experiment had another object. It "had a reference to Jesus, the second man, the Lord from heaven, no less than to men who were of the earth, earthy; having been intended to bring to light what he, the Creator, could do, as contrasted with what mere creatures had not done and could not do." (p. 66.) As this is one of the leading peculiarities of Mr. Thom's theory, we copy his words at length.

"In subserviency to this manifestation, obedience, death, and resurrection of the second man, as one of the grand objects or designs of the Almighty, was the nation of Israel selected and set up — was law of every description issued — was law reduced to writing — did the subsequent events of the history of the Jews take place, and were they recorded — were prophecies delivered to that extraordinary people — and was the whole mass of narrative, law, and prophecy collected and digested into one volume. In other words, not so much for the sake of the ordinary Jews themselves, as for the sake of him who was emphatically *THE JEW*, did every thing mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures happen, and was it placed upon record. . . . . There is not a person, an event, a prophecy contained in the books of the Old Testament, but has in one way or another, directly or indirectly, a reference to Jesus Christ. Even passages the most unlikely and unexpected are found to speak of him. Under the aspect, to mere fleshly mind, of treating only concerning Adam, Abraham, David, and other Old Testament worthies, they are in reality treating concerning the death and triumphs of him who was Son of Man and Son of God. . . . .

"Understanding this, we are prepared to understand still farther that as the Old Testament Scriptures spoke throughout *of* Christ, so likewise did they speak throughout *to* Christ. As every part of their contents was of the nature of prophecy concerning him,



so were they from Genesis to Malachi of the nature of laws addressed to and imposed on him. . . . . It was only in a subordinate sense and in appearance that the law of Moses was given to the whole house of Israel: that law having been in its highest sense and in reality given to him who was himself the true Israel, the being who truly wrestled with God and prevailed. . . . . The object of God in issuing his law is now seen to have been, to show that what creatures had proved themselves incompetent to perform, the Creator manifest in flesh was both competent to do and would do; that what creatures had endeavoured to dishonor by their disobedience, should through the obedience of the Creator be 'magnified and made honorable'; and that what in every particular had been violated by man, having been in every jot and tittle fulfilled by the Son of God, should pass away, being swallowed up, along with all human transgression, in his own perfect, divine, and everlasting righteousness." — pp. 102–105.

We have no room for comment on these singular notions. We only marvel that the writer does not see the absurdity and nonsense in which his Trinitarianism involves him. The man who can speak seriously of the "obedience of the Creator," — of the Creator trying an experiment on himself, under another name, to see what he could do, — of the Creator proving that he could do what the creature could not, — we should say, were it not for fear of offending our Trinitarian friends generally, must be either very deficient in discernment or far gone in insanity.

The third grand "experiment" covers all that period reaching from the end of the Apostolic age to the consummation of all things earthly, the destruction of the world. It is made, not on a single man or a single nation, but on all mankind. The test consists in the offer of a free and unconditional salvation to all men. And the enmity which it makes evident, the most virulent and intense possible to a being of a nature so limited, is manifested in *the denial of the divinely revealed fact that there is such a salvation.*

"God has for eighteen hundred years been declaring, in his written testimony, that all mankind are saved with an everlasting salvation in his well-beloved Son; and that in consequence of this, eternal life in him is their free, assured, and indefeasible possession. There are no *ifs*, or *buts*, or *may bes* in the case. No conditions remain to be fulfilled; upon no future contingencies does the blessing depend. There is no law of any description whatever to be obeyed. The declaration is, that in Christ Jesus 'we are saved,' that in Christ Jesus 'we have eternal life.'

This benefit we derive from Jesus being one with all mankind, as Son of Adam and Son of God. As one with us, he ended our sins in himself, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, which is ours no less than his, when he died on the cross. 'Dying for our offences, he rose again for our justification.' One with him, we are not only righteous, but live for evermore in him. And all this, be it observed, not as blessings which are conditional, contingent, and fortuitous, but as matters of actual fact and necessary enjoyment. Such is the Gospel. Glad tidings of great joy, whenever and wherever understood, to the guilty children of men. 'Salvation is yours,' says God in the Scriptures, addressing human beings. 'I give it to you on no conditions; I exact from you the fulfilment of no terms; I have secured it to you in my own Son. In Adam you have sinned and died: this is matter of fact. In Jesus you are righteous and live for ever: this is equally matter of fact.' — pp. 217, 218.

"Towards this revealed fact, and not towards law in any of its forms, is now going out the full tide of the enmity of the human mind. Not towards a conditional salvation; for that man can understand and relish: but towards an unconditional one. . . . Individuals hate this doctrine. Sects and parties do so. A salvation by abstinence from evil, or by a loving acceptance of an offered Christ, or by the performance of some other crotchet of the human brain, is the salvation for them. 'Salvation by pure grace! Salvation irrespective of the present state and circumstances of the creature altogether! Salvation in spite of all man's vileness and worthlessness! . . . Salvation in which the unprincipled, the vicious, and the profligate are put upon a footing of equality with those whom the world respects and delights to honor! Abominable doctrine! How we loathe, how we abhor it! It is the vilest antinomianism.' . . . Thus talk men, and thus do they inflame the natural malignity of one another against God's simple and glorious message." — pp. 220, 221.

So, then, it seems that a denial of the doctrine of unconditional salvation, and the intimation, however modest, that it becomes us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, is the highest exhibition of human enmity to God, — greater even than that which the Jews manifested in the crucifixion of Jesus! "Let the Jew *believe* that," — it may be some consolation to him, — but nobody else can, we are sure, unless by courtesy we except our author.

The punishments that follow the successive exhibitions of human enmity have a corresponding ratio of severity. The punishment of the first exhibition, by Adam, was simply death, — the loss of natural life; that of the second,

by the descendants of Abraham, was their exclusion from the kingdom of the Messiah, — the loss of all their peculiar privileges and blessings as the people of God ; and that of the third, by all mankind, is the complete and everlasting destruction of human nature itself. And this is effected, we are told, “by the complete and everlasting supersession of the nature of the earthy by the nature of the heavenly, or by the swallowing up of the nature of the earthy in the nature of the heavenly.” (p. 503.) As to the time and manner of this punishment, the author says, that

“The destruction, or highest punishment of human nature is effected through the medium of its new creation in Jesus glorified. In this way is it destroyed, by being new created in the persons of the members of the church, [those who receive the truth of unconditional salvation,] in time, as to their minds, and at the end of time, or fulness of Christ’s second coming, as to their bodies likewise. And in this way it is destroyed, by being new created, in the persons of the unregenerate, at the consummation of all things, when ‘death, the last enemy, is destroyed,’ and God is manifested as the ‘all in all.’ Then has the corruptible the incorruptible put upon it ; then has the mortal the immortal put upon it ; and, as the necessary result, ‘death is swallowed up in victory.’” — pp. 506, 507.

Thus it appears “that the highest punishment of human nature and the highest blessing conferred by God on man are actually identical. In other words, that God, in punishing, blesses in the highest degree the subjects of his punishment.” (p. 506.)

We have gone far enough in the investigation of the merits of this grand scheme to be satisfied, that, upon the whole, we cannot adopt it. We commend Mr. Thom’s ingenuity, sincerity, and zeal, but cannot praise his system. It is all wrong, from the foundation to the cap-stone. And yet, in our judgment, it is preferable, on the score both of the arguments by which it is maintained and of the spirit which it breathes, to that system, with its various modifications, which prevails so extensively in the Church under the name of Calvinism. In one, the love of God appears striving with the horrible malignity of his creatures, and never abandoning them, but at last raising them up into his glorious kingdom. In the other, Divine love easily exhausts its efforts, and retires to give place to that Almighty vengeance before which the guilty quail and sink everlastingly into night and hell. Mr. Thom writes like a humane man and a Christian.



The idea of the incompetency of man, by reason of the inherent depravity of his nature, to do the will of the Creator, is the fundamental error both of the book which we have been noticing and of the prevalent theology of the Christian world. It created the necessity for those plans and expedients, invented by men and presumptuously attributed to God, for effecting salvation without obedience and moral goodness, which constitute the substance of our popular creeds, and pervade by their spirit our religious literature. In fulfilment of the purpose intimated in the beginning, we may be permitted to offer here a few remarks upon this error.

It is undisputed, that God has addressed to us certain commands ; — as, for example, that we shall love him, — that we shall love our brother, — that we shall forgive our enemies, — that we shall put on kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, — that we shall put away anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, — that we shall submit ourselves to God, and set our affections on things above. Now the Creator knows equally well the degree of our moral ability and of our physical strength. Suppose, then, he should command us to do with our *hands* some work entirely above our strength, — an impossibility, — as, for example, to drain the water of the ocean, or to erect a solid column to the sun, — and should threaten us, for failure to do it, with everlasting punishment ; — what would be thought of his wisdom or of his justice ? Yet what is the difference, in respect to the wisdom or the equity of the command, whether he require the achievement of a moral or of a physical impossibility ? If the thing required be, either from physical weakness or moral infirmity, impossible, there can be no justice in demanding it. To say, that, though *naturally* able, we are *morally* unable, is only to confuse the subject with terms, without touching the difficulty. What human parent would not be pronounced in-human by the unanimous voice of all right-minded men, who should strenuously exact of a child a task completely and manifestly above his strength ; and this, whether his inability were that which is common to the race, or the peculiarity of his own natural constitution, or the result of his previous folly ? In any case, it is unjust to require what is impossible, he who makes the requisition knowing it to be so.

It is urged, we are aware, that the Scriptures refer all

the righteousness which man ever attains, and all the blessedness for which he prays and hopes, not to his own efforts, not to the spontaneous aspirations of his natural heart, but solely to the grace of God. Grant that the Scriptures do exhibit the matter in this light. What then? Is human ability thereby set aside? God forbid! Who ever believed that man has any moral ability independently of the grace of God? If Jesus could do nothing of himself, how much less the poor weak creature who leans upon Jesus. But surely the ability of a moral being is not measured and defined by what he is in himself alone. It comprehends whatever, lying within his reach and at his disposal, may be of use to him in accomplishing his work. When, therefore, the ability of man to fulfil the requirements of religion is asserted, the motives of faith, the influence of prayer, the love of Christ, the communion of saints, the comfort of the Holy Spirit, are not excluded, but, being subject to his will and desire, make an essential part of that moral power by which he is able to "do all things." And in this respect all dependent moral beings, we conceive, are on a level. Prophets and apostles, spirits of just men made perfect, angels crowned with light, like the feeblest pilgrim of the earth, of themselves can do nothing; but if they use the means which the Infinite Father provides in order that they may fulfil his purposes, there is nothing demanded of them by the laws of their nature, by the circumstances of their existence, or by the more explicitly declared will of God, which all may not do. To deny this, it seems to us, would be to bring a charge of injustice and cruelty against Him all whose ways are equal.

Observation confirms this view. There have been witnessed exhibitions of the moral ability of man so striking, as to make us almost feel, that, if any thing be impossible, it is to define the limits of what is possible to him. Often an angel's might seems lodged in his bosom. We have seen him stand upon the world, the world's conqueror and prince. We have seen him walk erect over the stormy sea of circumstances, over appetite, over passion, over temptation, majestic in his strength. And when we have observed the high attainments which thousands have made, by the exertion of faculties belonging to their nature, — when we have regarded the triumphs, which whole communities have gained, of moral principle over brute force, of religious sentiment

over secular passion, of humane and civil manners over the coarseness and brutality of savage life, — when we have remembered what multitudes have broken the chains in which sin had bound them, and raised themselves into a condition of moral independence, — we have felt that nothing more was necessary to satisfy us of the immeasurable ability of man, no other proof, that, for every precept of religion, there is in him a corresponding and perfectly adequate power to obey it. Look at the victims of intemperance. In men of this description moral power has, till quite recently, been considered as wholly exhausted, and self-recovery as impossible. Their moral life was thought to have been burned out in the lake of fire which is the drunkard's element. "Poor, degraded, lost being," we have said, "the energies of his mind are withered up; his will is crippled; his conscience is seared as with a hot iron; his self-respect is gone; he is past recovery; his doom is fixed." But not so. God has taught us otherwise. He has taught us by numerous examples, that, however the body may be wasted and the affections abused and the soul imbruted, there is ever a residuum of moral strength secreted in the depths of our being that cannot be wasted, cannot be destroyed, and that is sufficient for our redemption. And who does not rejoice in these moral triumphs more than over the trophies of a thousand battle-fields? Who does not feel, in view of them, that, weak, irresolute, tempted, fallen though he be, it is still an honor to be a man? We are told that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance. We believe it. We can understand why it is. We can pour a full note of harmony into their enraptured song. For man, as he then appears, is no more a mean, deformed, impotent, grovelling creature, — a broken and crushed monument of the Creator's handiwork, the sight of which moves the heart to pity or contempt, — no longer the mere "paragon of animals," more cunning and of more lofty bearing than the rest. He seems, on the contrary, a being "but a little lower than the angels"; he is crowned with glory and honor, he sits a king on the circle of the world; sin crouches subdued and ashamed at his feet.

"O misanthrope! deny who would —  
O moralists! deny who can —  
Seeds of almost impossible good,  
Deep in the deepest life of man."



We are constrained to indicate briefly one other aspect of this subject. It is one of the plainest principles of Christianity, that man is to be loved and held in honor *as man*. This is an important principle. But the theology which assumes as its basis the inherent enmity of human nature to God makes man a despicable being. It represents him in a character which it is wicked to honor. Such as it describes him, he ought not to be loved. The enemy of all goodness, the enemy of the good God himself, why should he be regarded with respect? Either that principle is false, or this theology must pass away. And if it does nothing for man,—nothing to cheer him, nothing to help him, nothing to carry him forward towards the perfection of his being,—in Heaven's name, why should it not pass away? If it tends only to depress, discourage, afflict, and paralyze his heart, and to divide him from his brethren, the world may well spare it. We may speak of man as desperately wicked, and overwhelm him with our sense of his awful condition by nature; but if we take no other means to save him, if we have no friendly word for him, if we have no heart to love him, we shall speak to no purpose. The Gospel is kind even to the evil and unthankful. It loves man *as man*. It goes into the garret of the beggar, into the cell of the prisoner, into the cabin of the slave, and there, in the forlorn, the forsaken, the crushed, sees men, immortal men, children of God, with God's image in them, to be pitied, loved, comforted, and saved. Before its holy presence, all men are as one family of kindred hearts, warmed with the same spirit of life, having many common sentiments that bear the impress of a Divine origin, and destined to survive together all earthly things. With this view, we may, we must, honor and love our brother; we must look benignly—as God looks from heaven—on our race, pressing onward by infinite struggles, and with groanings that cannot be uttered, to rest and glory.

This principle, if true, must work a reform in religious literature. That literature, of necessity, bears the stamp and color of those ideas of man—his nature, capacities, rights, and duties—which have prevailed. Now these ideas are for the most part contrary to the principles of Christianity, opposed to those sentiments of freedom, humanity, and brotherhood which Jesus inculcated. Most of the standard religious works breathe no spirit in unison with his who tasted death for every creature, and who taught that all are brethren.

ren ; utter no sentiment, unless it be faintly, and, as it were, by accident, in harmony with those exalted views of man with which the Gospel abounds. It is true, indeed, that much of the religious poetry of Christendom forms a grateful exception to this remark. Much of it breathes the right spirit. Imagination, taking the lead in poetry, breaks away from all artificial conditions and unnatural relations, — soars “above principalities and powers,” and rests in truth, lives in light, so that, when man is the theme, justice is done him ; he is fairly portrayed ; and we can honor and love him in the picture. But generally, religious literature, having grown up under those institutions which create great distinctions amongst men, does not regard man in the spirit of Christianity, fails to recognize the moral grandeur infolded in his nature, and is wanting in sentiments of respect, sympathy, and love towards him. It notices with becoming reverence only the few. The doctrine of Election shines clearly on its pages. The literature of freedom, founded in the capacity of man to know the right and to govern himself, has scarcely begun to be written. That liberty which draws its life from a widely diffused intelligence and virtue, and which is at once their offspring and their guardian, has been but indistinctly illustrated in the writings of those who exercise the widest sway in the world of letters. In fact, intelligence and virtue have been denied to men at large. The doctrine of the essential inferiority and natural subordination of the many to the few vitiates the literature of the civilized world, ancient and modern, and has controlled most of the productive minds in all nations. Man is not generously regarded. That he has capacities for service ; that he is a useful and necessary instrument for clearing forests, and working mines, and building roads, and fighting battles ; that some provision should be made for his subsistence ; that laws must be enacted to govern him ; that the evil tendencies of his depraved nature must be watched and restrained ; — this is clearly enough admitted. But that he is a being of excellent faculties, “large discourse of reason,” boundless capabilities, noble heart, created to gain eternal life “by patient continuance in well-doing,” — this finds no fit expression. And it cannot be doubted, moreover, that the theology of Christendom partakes largely of the spirit of the political institutions under which it has been formed. Between that theology and those institutions there is a mutual action and reaction in each

other's support. It is a theology of caste and privilege, — of the noble, the prince, the emperor. It looks with contempt on *man*. It stigmatizes him as abject, vile, miserable, incapable of any good ; and so falls in exactly with the notions of those who assume a divine right to govern him. It has no agreement with the great principles of human liberty. It is essentially feudal, aristocratic, and despotic.

But we rejoice to add our belief, that, with the spreading intelligence, virtue, philanthropy, and freedom of this age, it is gradually changing its features and assuming an aspect of greater benevolence. The good work begun in it, we doubt not, will go on till the theology of the Christian world, resting on the basis of man's capacity for all goodness, instead of that of the total enmity of his nature to God, and demanding for him the honor and love which are his due, shall adequately represent the simplicity, the freedom, the humanity, and the benevolence of the Gospel of Christ.

J. W. T.

---

#### ART. III. — CONCLUSION OF PLATO'S GORGIAS.

[THE following extract from Plato is justly ranked among the most remarkable passages in Greek literature. It presents in a form sufficiently distinct, through the fable or myth in which it is conveyed, the idea which the best and most enlightened of the Greeks entertained respecting the future state, and shows how they derived from the doctrine a motive for living a good life here below. It insists that we ought to be more anxious not to do injury than to escape injury ourselves. It teaches that a man's supreme care should be, not to *seem*, but to *be* good, in private and in public ; and admonishes us so to live in this world, as to be accepted when called to our final account. Perhaps we see in this passage the utmost limit to which the light of nature has ever conducted the human mind ; and the coincidence between parts of it and the highest Christian precepts is certainly very striking. But Jesus has revealed the Father as neither Socrates nor Plato ever saw or could see him, and more fully and spiritually illustrated the Divine law, and brought life and immortality into brighter light, and by these revelations has supplied immeasurably higher motives to a good life.

Socrates is addressing Callicles, who, with Polus and Gorgias, are the characters of the dialogue.]



Now listen to a very beautiful story, which you, I suppose, will regard as a fable, but I deem it a genuine account. For what I am going to say I shall rehearse to you as being true.

According to a tradition in Homer, the government was administered by Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, when they had received it of the Father. There was formerly in the time of Saturn, and always has been, and is yet now, among the gods, this law respecting men, — that whosoever of mankind has conducted justly and religiously in life shall depart when he dies to the Islands of the Blessed, and dwell in all felicity beyond the reach of evils; but whosoever has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the prison of retribution and punishment, called Tartarus. Now men in the time of Saturn, and yet more recently in the reign of Jupiter, received while alive their sentence from living judges, and judgment was administered on that very day on which they were to die. Of course, the judgments were badly administered. Whereupon, Pluto and the keepers of the Happy Islands went to Jupiter, and told him that men very often came to them appointed to each of the two places, not according to their deserts.\* Then Jupiter replied, — “I will put a stop to these proceedings. The judgments are now indeed badly administered. For,” said he, “the persons who are judged are covered all up when they are judged, since they are judged while living. Hence,” continued he, “while having depraved souls, they are apparelled in beautiful bodies, and are aided by family rank and wealth; and when the judgment takes place, many witnesses appear to testify how justly they have lived. Of course, the judges are perplexed by these things. They themselves, too, are all covered up when they administer judgment, having eyes, and ears, and the whole body, spread as a veil before their souls. Now all these things, both their own coverings and those of the persons judged, are in their way. Wherefore,” said he, “a stop must be put to their foreseeing death; for now they perceive it beforehand. Accordingly Prometheus has already been requested to prevent this. Next, they must be stripped of all these coverings when they are judged. In order to this, it is necessary to judge them after death. It is necessary, also, that the judge be in the same naked condition, and that

---

\* That is, the bad to the Happy Islands, the good to Tartarus.

he himself also, having died, should with the soul itself inspect the very soul of each person as soon as he dies and is removed away from his kindred, leaving behind him on the earth all that former pomp and circumstance, so that the judgment may be just. Having known these things, then, already before you came, I have constituted my sons the judges, — two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from Europe, Æacus. When, therefore, these shall have died, they shall sit in judgment in the grassy plain, where three roads meet, two of which lead away, — one to the Islands of the Blessed, the other to Tartarus. Those from Asia Rhadamanthus shall judge ; those from Europe, Æacus. To Minos I will give the rights of seniority, to rejudge any decision of the other two which may admit of doubt, in order that the sentence respecting the road for men to take may be most just."

These, Callicles, are matters which I, having heard, believe to be true ; and I draw from them the following conclusions. Death, as it appears to me, is nothing but the unloosing of two things, the soul and the body, from one another. When they have become unloosed, each of them has about the same habitude and condition which it had when the person was living ; and its nature, and culture, and whatever it has suffered, are all apparent. As, for instance, if the body of any person while living was large by nature, or by training, or by both, the same person's dead body is large after he has died ; and if fat, the dead person's is also fat, and so in other respects. If a person adopted the custom of wearing long hair, the same person's dead body has the hair long. If a person has been punished with scourging, and has borne on his body the marks of blows, — scars, whether from the lash or any other instrument, — you can see that the dead person's body has the same. And if the limbs of any person living were maimed or distorted, these have the same appearance after death. In a word, such as any one had trained himself to be in body, while he was living, the same, either entirely or in greater part, does he continue to be for a considerable time after the person is dead.

Now this same principle seems to me to hold good of the soul, Callicles. After the soul has been stripped of the body, all things become manifest in it, — its natural endowments, and the passions which the individual has acquired by every practice he has pursued. When, therefore, they come into

the presence of the judge, — those from Asia, for example, before Rhadamanthus, — Rhadamanthus, placing them near, inspects the soul of every one, not knowing whose it is ; but if, upon laying hold of some great king, or any other king or ruler whatsoever, he discovers nothing at all sound in the soul, but perceives that it has been scourged, and is full of scars which perjuries and injustice have made, and which the deeds themselves imprinted on each one's soul, and that all has become distorted by lying and boasting, and nothing is straight because the soul has been trained up without truth, — that, in short, it is destitute of symmetry and full of turpitude, through power, and luxury, and pride, and intemperance, — he sends this soul away forthwith in ignominy into imprisonment, where it will endure the requisite sufferings. Now it is necessary that every one who is visited with just punishment should either derive advantage from it and grow better, or furnish an example to others, so that others, beholding him suffer, may through fear of what he suffers grow better. Some are really benefited by undergoing punishment both from gods and men. They are those who commit remediable offences. Through their griefs and pains, a benefit arises to them both here and in Hades. Nor can they free themselves from unrighteousness in any other way. But those who do wrong to the very last degree, and by such acts of injustice become incurable, are set forth for an example. They themselves are benefited no more, because they are incurable ; but others receive benefit from beholding them suffer the greatest and most excruciating and terrible tortures, for ever and ever, being held up there in Hades altogether as examples, — a perpetual spectacle and admonition to those of the unrighteous who come thither.

Of whom I assert that Archelaus also will be one (if Polus \* tells the truth), and any other tyrant of a similar character. Indeed, it is my opinion, that the most numerous class of these examples will consist of tyrants, and kings, and lords, and administrators of civil affairs. For it is by abuse of power that they commit the greatest and most impious crimes. Homer also bears testimony to these facts. For those in Hades whom he hath set forth as suffering eternal torment, Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Tityus, were kings and rulers. But Thersites, or any other private individual

---

\* Polus had mentioned Archelaus as a prince who was fortunate and happy, although he was cruel and unjust.



of bad character, has never been set forth as suffering severe punishments and in an incurable condition, for I think he had not the opportunity of incurring such a fate, and on this account he was more fortunate than those who had. Most surely, Callicles, it is to the ranks of the powerful that the most depraved men belong. Nothing, however, renders it impossible that there should be good men also among them, and when there are such, it is worthy of special note. For it is difficult, and most praiseworthy, for men who have great opportunity of doing injustice, to live justly. Of this class there are a few. There have been both here and elsewhere, and I think will still be, honorable and good men, who possess the virtue to execute justly whatever is committed to them. And one has become even very illustrious among his Greek countrymen, — I mean Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. But the greater portion of those in power, my excellent friend, are bad. Accordingly, as I said before, when Rhadamanthus takes any such person in hand, he perceives nothing else about him, — neither who he is, nor of what origin, — but only that he is bad ; and on perceiving this, first putting a mark upon him to denote whether he seems to be curable or incurable, he sends him away to Tartarus ; to which place coming, he suffers due punishment. But sometimes beholding another soul that has lived religiously and according to truth, the soul of some private or other man, — and especially, let me say, Callicles, of some philosopher, who has minded his own business in life, and meddled with no one's else, — he is very much pleased, and sends him away to the Islands of the Blessed. The same course Æacus also pursues. Each holds a sceptre while he judges. Minos sits considering apart by himself, holding a golden sceptre, as Homer's Ulysses says he saw him, —

“A golden sceptre holding, administering laws to the dead.”

I therefore, Callicles, have been influenced by these facts, and have considered how I may exhibit to the judge a soul in the soundest state possible. Relinquishing, therefore, the honors which the many pursue, I shall sincerely endeavour, by contemplating the truth, to live the best life, and, when I die, to die the best death. And I exhort all other men, as far as I am able, and especially do I in turn \* exhort you, to

---

\* Callicles had exhorted Socrates to quit philosophy and attend to rhetoric and politics.

adopt this mode of life, and this contest, which I say is preferable to all the contests of the world. And I utter it as a reproach against you, that, when you shall meet the judgment and condemnation of which I just now spoke, you will not be able to help yourself ; but coming into the presence of the judge, the son of Ægina,\* when he takes hold of you and leads you forward, you will stammer and grow confused there, no less than I here, and perhaps some one will give you a disgraceful blow on the side of the head, and treat you with every species of indignity.†

Perhaps these things sound to you like an old woman's story, and you despise them. And it would not be wrong to despise them, if we had any means of finding something better and more true. But you now see that you three together, who are the wisest of the Greeks, — you, and Polus, and Gorgias, — have not the means of showing how we can better live any other life here than that which appears expedient there. But after so much discussion, other things having been refuted, this position remains unshaken, — that we ought to shun doing injury more than the receiving of an injury, and that a man should make it his supreme care not to seem to be good, but to *be* good, both in private and in public. If, however, one becomes bad in any thing, he should be punished, and the next good thing to being just is, to become just by means of the punishment. All flattery, too, both of one's self and of others, and whether of few or many, is to be avoided. And the rhetorical art, and every other practice, we ought to make use of always for the right.

Be influenced by me, therefore, and follow on in that path in which you will be happy both living and dying, as the discussion shows. Suffer any one to despise you as stupid, and to abuse you, if he pleases. Nay, by Jove, do you cheerfully be struck with this disgraceful blow, for you will suffer nothing dreadful, if you are truly honorable and good, and practise virtue. After having thus practised it together, then, indeed, if it seem best, we will devote ourselves to political matters, or whatever else may suit us. Then will we act as counsellors, being better able to give counsel than

---

\* That is, Æacus.

† The point of this will be felt by considering that Callicles had used this same language to describe Socrates's condition before a human tribunal, under some unjust accusation, against which he would not know how to defend himself.

we are now. For it is highly discreditable to us, with no more than our present attainments, immediately to begin dogmatizing as though we were something, when the same things appear to us to be always changing their aspects, and these things too of the greatest moment, — to such a pitch of ignorance are we come ! Let us therefore use the conclusion now clearly established as a guide ; for it shows us that the best way of life is this, — to live and die in the practice of justice and of every other virtue. This therefore let us pursue, and exhort others to pursue it, rather than that which you believe, and to which you exhort me. For that, Callicles, is of no account.

N. S. F.

---

ART. IV. — WRITINGS OF GEORGE SAND.\*

AMONG the great social questions of our age, the relation of the sexes, and the abuses of it, form a topic of exceeding perplexity. Perhaps there is none requiring a more remarkable combination of qualities as essential to its profitable investigation. Appalling as are the evils of licentiousness, imperative and loud as is the call for more fearless and faithful attention to its causes, and the means of counteracting it, yet every unskillful or superficial attempt to discuss it only increases the difficulty, and renders the prospect of reform more desperate. More than almost any other question, this demands a singularly philosophical, calm, and pure mind, for its right discussion. There must be a close and patient observation, where observation is both hard to be conducted, and hazardous to the reputation of the observer ; facts must be gathered in quarters where there is every disposition to conceal, distort, or misrepresent them, and not much principle to stand in the way ; there must be an extraordinary delicacy of taste and sensibility, united with a rugged hard-

---

\* 1. *Consuelo*. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by FRANCIS G. SHAW. Boston : W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 499 and 505.

2. *Œuvres de George Sand*. Bruxelles. 1843. Cinq tomes. 8vo. pp. 518, 560, 486, 515, and 540.

3. *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. (Sequel to *Consuelo*.) By GEORGE SAND. In Two Volumes. Translated by FRANCIS G. SHAW. Boston : Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 301 and 302.

4. *Jacques*. By GEORGE SAND, Author of *Consuelo*, etc. Translated by Anna Blackwell. New York. 1846. 2 vols. pp. 178 and 173.



ness and absence of excitability ; there must be a strong practical sense, too shrewd to be easily deceived ; an insight too penetrating to be imposed upon ; a comprehensive power of generalization ; and a heart quick and tender enough to feel keenly the outrageous wrongs and unutterable miseries which curse and degrade the victims of this base passion. Ordinary persons, therefore, however zealous to do good in this cause, must be content to stand aside from public effort, and confine their endeavours to the narrower but not less noble limits of a personal influence, within a private sphere, — where perhaps, after all, the chief burden of the reformation is to be borne, — or else they will be sure to do irretrievable mischief. The task of awakening and directing the public conscience, of informing the public mind, and of pointing out methods of action must devolve on a select few of the wisest of our generation.

With some diffidence, and much reluctance, we are constrained to avow our honest opinion that George Sand cannot be enrolled in this number. Yet it is a place she aspires to hold. So she distinctly declares, in more than one of her prefaces. She asserts her desire to do something, conscientiously and sincerely, to promote a pure, blameless relation between man and woman ; to deliver society, as at present constituted, from one of its most appalling and fatal scourges. And we have neither the disposition nor the right to dispute this claim. The special object of her satire — for certainly her representations are not of a kind to convict us of severity in applying this term — is marriage, as it exists under modern civilization. That we may do her no injustice by a misstatement of her purpose, we will allow her to declare her design in her own language. We quote now from her preface to a Paris edition of her complete works, under date of 1842.

“ A singular phenomenon has made its appearance, within the last ten years, in quite a small corner of the literary world, with reference to my romances. It would be hardly worth speaking of, if all cases of the same nature were not exemplified by this instance, which is but one among a thousand. The following is the fact, seeming personal to myself at first sight, but nevertheless connected with great social questions. During those ten years, in a series of novels which I do not therefore pretend to consider very important or very profound, I have addressed to the men of my age a succession of very sincere questions, to

which criticism has yet found no reply, except that it was very indiscreet of me to demand the truth. With much reserve and deference at first, I asked, in two novels entitled 'Indiana' and 'Valentine,' What is the morality of Marriage, as we contract and consider it at the present day? I was twice answered, that I was a dangerous questioner, and an immoral novelist.

"This determination to elude the question, after the manner of the Catholics, by condemning the spirit of inquiry, surprised me a little in critics in whom I vainly sought for any trace of a religion or any belief whatever. This made me think that the ignorance of criticism related not only to social, but also to human questions; and I inquired of it, in a novel called 'Lelia,' how it understood and explained Love. This new question threw our critics into a real fury. Never had a novel unchained such anathemas, nor excited such ferocious indignation. I had a perverse spirit, an odious character, an obscene pen, for having sketched the phantom of a woman, who seeks in vain for love in the heart of the men of our time, and who retires to the desert, to dream there of the love with which St. Theresa burned. Yet I was not convinced that the fathers of the Church, with whom I had my head filled at the time, had inspired me with the idea of an abominable book.

"I wrote a new novel which I called 'Jacques,' in which, taking man as the principal type, I asked again, and this time in the name of the man, as before in the name of the woman, what was the Ideal of love in marriage. This time it was worse yet. I was the enemy of marriage, the apologist of licentiousness, the despiser of fidelity, the corrupter of all wives, the scourge of all husbands.

"Still later, in a novel called 'Spiridion,' I asked of my age what was its Religion. It was said to me that this preoccupation of my brain wanted actuality. The critics who had reproached me so much for having neither faith nor law, for being only an artist,—that is, according to their notions, an atheist fit for the stake,—addressed to me wise and paternal reproaches for my pretension to a belief, and for wishing to give myself the airs of a philosopher. 'Remain an artist,' they cried from all sides; as Voltaire said to his wig-maker, 'Make wigs.' . . . . These doctors have at last taught me one thing, namely, that the criticism of the journals has not the first word of those social enigmas of which I have ingenuously asked the solution. Hence it is that I shall continue to question my contemporaries, not accepting at all this reasoning of the conservatives, that one must not make known the evil, at least until one has found a remedy. If questions are crimes, there is a way to stop them. It is, to answer them. And I ask those persons whom my curiosity

scandalizes, to put my mind to rest once for all by proving to me that all is clear and goes well. But hitherto, alas! they have given me no other reply than that of the song of King Dagobert, that great politician of antiquity, if we may believe the legend,

‘ Apprends, lui dit le roi,  
Que je n’aime pas les pourquoi.’ ”

Now we will not advance the harsh hypothesis, that this preface is wholly an after-thought; that it occurred to Madame Dudevant not till after her works were written, that they might be brought under the fair show of a very ingenious and pretty system, and emblazoned in an ethical design; for there are intimations of an earlier date, that she claimed to be the teacher of some ethico-social lessons.\* Neither will we attempt, on the other hand, to disguise our suspicion, that several persons, having been very well entertained by successive tales which they supposed to be provided for the entertainment of idle and listless moments, will open their eyes wide with astonishment, on taking up this ponderous edition, to find what a sturdy moralist and preacher they have been communing with. A vision of the reformer’s camel-hair and battle-axe breaking in upon the dreamy mood of delighted senses under the spell of “flutes and soft recorders”! A magic transformation, by a sudden shifting of the scenes, of the gorgeous appointments of Parisian gayety and luxury, to the awful cave of him that crieth in the wilderness!

But without raising personal questions, let us look, for a moment, at some considerations pertaining to this great subject. And we readily avow our conviction that the relation of the sexes, with the duties growing out of it and the vices incident to it, in its engaging interest and its solemn importance forms one of the foremost topics of our time, — one that all good men and women ought not to blink; one that has been too shamefully neglected; one that daily lifts up its cry of bitter reproach in our civilized communities against the false delicacy that has self-righteously gathered up its

\* In a preface (prefaces are her stronghold) to *one* of the works constituting the collection introduced by the preface quoted above, there are some expressions that we cannot exactly reconcile with her later professions. She there defends herself against the charge of grave immortality by saying, — “S’il s’était senti assez docte pour faire un livre vraiment utile, il aurait adouci la vérité, au lieu de la présenter avec ses teintes crues et ses effets tranchants”; again, — “Chargé de vous *amuser*, et non de vous *instruire*.” This comports more with our notion of the fact, than with claims set up elsewhere. But logical consistency is not one of George Sand’s distinguishing traits.



Pharisaic robes, and passed by on the other side. Yet there is a true delicacy, as well as a false ; and the destruction of the former would be a far more fatal error than the existence of the latter.

The institution of marriage is by no hyperbole called divine. Next to the worship of the Almighty, it is the holiest institution among men. It is the fountain of the chief blessings that dwell in human habitations. The sacred objects it contemplates, and was ordained to secure, are such as these : — the chastity of the husband and the wife ; the contentment and peace of their lives ; the preservation of that genial atmosphere of domestic affection, in which all their noblest powers may be developed, and their largest usefulness promoted, not only in this, but in all the relations of life, inasmuch as a happy home sends us forth better fitted and furnished for every task and office assigned to humanity ; the perpetuation of the race ; the education of children in all that makes up the vigorous, virtuous, Christian man ; and the cherishing, in all these, of that reciprocal tenderness and charity which harmonize the energies and activities whereby the tasks of wisdom and enterprise are accomplished. Now, what we urge first is, that an institution such as this, so intimately concerned with all that is finest and most delicate in the spiritual nature and welfare of mankind, so founded in subtle and spontaneous affections, — too deep for the acutest logic to systematize, too recondite for the sharpest metaphysics to analyze, — and so involving the happiness and progress of our kind, — that such an institution should not be disturbed, even with the most sanguine hopes of its amelioration, without the gravest and most enlightened deliberation, not without a most reverent conscience, not by any minds but such as meditate and adore. If flippant levity will tamper with such an institution, it must stand accursed of God and men. We are conservative enough to believe that the institution were far better left precisely as it is, in this country at least, than that it should lose any of its present sanctions through incompetent advisers. It is just one of the last things to be made a topic for agitated and promiscuous discussion. As it involves the most sacred and delicate obligations, and relates to the *adyta* of human welfare, so, for this and other reasons, it should remain to be made one of the last objects of public reformatory movements of all the great departments of civilized life. Let social reorganizers soon-

er assail almost any custom, sooner try experiments on almost any ordinance, — trade, labor, finance, politics, *forms* of worship even, — than on this holy institution, so vital to the order, progress, purity, and peace of a commonwealth. Let them lay no rude hands on this shrine of domestic happiness, lest they mar and confuse, where they cannot mend or restore. The state of marriage is doubtless to be elevated and undergo changes for the better. But it must not be by violent and radical revolutions ; nor till the general tone of Christian feeling and life is raised to a higher level, by improvement in many other directions.

The point most in discussion at present in regard to marriage relates to the dissolubility of the contract. There are those — and George Sand is of the number — who advocate more freedom of divorce. They maintain that this would subserve the happiness and virtue of the married, that it would prevent or diminish infidelity to the vows of wedlock, and leave the children that are the fruit of the union in a condition no worse, at least, than they suffer at present under loveless, inharmonious connections, restrained by force of law from being dissolved. Some of them hold that the matrimonial tie would be even more lasting, if it were to be held in a voluntary tenure ; that the parties would be under stronger inducements to form real and lifelong unions, and would use more pains to please, if they were left free to separate upon inclination or bad treatment. Such is the doctrine of Bentham and others. "It is well known," says Bentham, "that prohibition and constraint are a stimulus to the passions." "The rule of liberty would produce fewer stray fancies than the law of conjugal captivity. Render marriages dissoluble, and there would be more apparent separations, but fewer real ones." We do not object to a greater liberty of divorce for the reasons put forward by many objectors. We concede that several advantages would apparently result from it. We think Milton's interpretations of the strong passages in the New Testament, if not quite convincing, are yet so far successful as to forbid an opinionative and bigoted adherence to the letter of the precept. We believe that it were well, if some part of the breath expended in enforcing the solemn direction, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," upon those already in matrimony, were devoted to cautioning the hot blood of youth to see to it, that, when male and female are united, it

is because *God hath joined them together*, and by true Christian marriage, such as is discoursed of in that beautiful homily of Master Asheton. We doubt not this all-essential institution would remain nearly the same, in power and authority, though such a change were made. We have, moreover, a perfect faith, that, whenever the state of the civilized world shall be such as strenuously to demand an amendment of the statutes, they will be seasonably reconstructed. Our chief difficulty in the matter is this, — and it is one which no treatise on marriage or divorce we have ever met with has provided for ; — not so much that the children will be made orphans, not so much that ill-treatment would be used to bring about frequent separations, — for this the law might regulate ; but that one of the parties, becoming causelessly and capriciously desirous of a release, without any tangible violence that the hand of justice could lay hold upon, but by a course of minute annoyances and the wearing persuasion of a discontented temper, would so sicken and distress the other's spirit as to extort finally a dissolution, apparently willing, but really compulsory, — apparently consentaneous, but really both the product and the occasion of unutterable misery to one of the partners. The injured husband would not divulge the painful secret and publish his sorrow to the world. The wife, with faded charms, with a disconsolate heart, perhaps with the burden of forsaken offspring in her bosom, would be left to struggle or to die, broken-hearted, alone.

Of absolute moment it certainly is not, that one side only of this interesting question should be advocated, and the other be undefended. Let truth come here, as it is her wont to come, by the fair comparison and conflict of opposing arguments. But of absolute importance it as certainly is, that the noble theme should always and everywhere be investigated with a serious, thoughtful, reverential, Christian spirit, not only with candor towards the antagonist, but with a weighty sense of accountableness to God. It is this spirit that is too feeble, too difficult to be detected, even by a favoring charity, in many of the fictions of George Sand involving the subject in their plots. This author contrasts most unfavorably with the writer already quoted, who, heartily as we reject his philosophy, and shrink from the principles at the foundation of his system, has treated this topic with a moderation, a calmness, and a conscientiousness not at all empirical, but

philosophical in the real sense of the term. How different, too, are the Frenchwoman's meretricious pictures of domestic discord and inconstancy from that mournful lamentation and solemn protest of John Milton, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, restored, to the Good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, and other Mistakes, to the true Meaning of Scripture in the Law and Gospel compared," — a treatise not more distinguished and admirable for the grandeur of its diction and the ingenuity of its logic, than for spotless purity of sentiment ; — in his own phrase, "as impossible to be soiled as the sunbeam," and not rousing one impulse of passion in the most corrupt mind by any sentence it contains. Both of them had known the deplorable experience of an infelicitous connection, and both had undergone a suspension of the marriage tie. But no one can follow, we think, the intellectual processes of the two minds, and mark their moral coloring, without seeing how different were the results wrought out by the discipline in the two cases. The one harps continually, in Parisian dialect and voluptuous touches, on the solicitations and suggestions of the animal nature. The other rings out in every page of his magnificent Saxon periods, that the Scripture, "They twain shall be one flesh," signifies a loftier than any physical conjunction. As if he had our very romancer, the author of "Lelia," "Valentine," and "Indiana," in his thought at the moment, he thunders forth : —

"This [my treatise] is no mere amatorious novel ; though to be wise and skilful in these matters, men heretofore of greatest name in virtue have esteemed it one of the highest arcs that human contemplation, circling upwards, can make from the globy sea whereon she stands ; but this is a deep and serious verity, showing us that love in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless it be mutual."

"He who affirms the bed to be the highest of marriage affirms that which is in truth a gross and boorish opinion, how common soever, as far from the countenance of Scripture as from the light of all clean philosophy or civil nature."

"I suppose it will be allowed us that marriage is a human society, and that all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body, else it would be but a kind of animal or beastish meeting."

"We know St. Paul saith, 'It is better to marry than to burn.' Marriage therefore was given as a remedy of that trouble ; but what might this burning mean ? Certainly not the mere motion



of carnal lust, not the mere goad of a sensitive desire ; God does not principally take care for such cattle. That desire that God put into Adam in paradise, which God saw it was not good that man should be left alone to burn in, was the desire and longing to put off an unkindly solitariness in the cheerful society of wedlock. 'It is not good,' saith He, 'that man should be alone ; I will make a helpmeet for him.' From which words, so plain, less cannot be concluded, nor is by any learned interpreter, than that in God's intention a meet and happy conversation is the chiefest and noblest end of marriage."

These expressions are culled from hundreds of kindred import.

George Sand deals with marriage in a very different spirit. Her pet notion of the wrongs of women drives her into peevish and aimless complainings, and without so much as endeavouring to point out a remedy, she vents, through pages of discontented declamation, her uneasiness and her disgust with the age, and with its husbands in particular. The darkest feature in her conjugal creed is, that she shows us no ray of hope, no method of relief. As far as we can glean her doctrine from the comparison of different passages, and notwithstanding an occasional asseveration in form to the contrary, she holds that human nature is so constituted that love absolutely requires a change of objects. If she supposes there is a possible state of society where any thing like a real and permanent marriage between one man and one woman could exist, she certainly fails to explain to us either what that state of society should be, or what kind of marriage that should be. In her ardent rebellion at marital abuses, she concedes no advantages and no peace to our present matrimonial alliances. By ridicule, by argument, by sarcasm, by paradoxes, by picturing, by attacks direct and allusions indirect, she holds them up as preposterous and debasing. Her genius is essentially destructive. She is a thoroughpaced radical, and, forsaking the course of wise reformers, she gives us no hint of the form or proportions of the structure that is to rise from the proposed ruins. We defy her most devoted admirer, with the sharpest critical ingenuity, to take "Valentine," "Lelia," and "Indiana," and give us a clear, connected account of the *moral* instructions relating to marriage to be gathered from all the various characters and incidents of those fictions. We have essayed the task with her own prefaces to help us, and confess

ourselves utterly at fault. Now, to say the least, it is a rather remarkable course for a high-minded and modest woman, feeling herself summoned by irresistible calls to discuss this delicate point in behalf of her aggrieved sex, to sit down and paint, at haphazard, year after year, the caprices, intrigues, and vices of a score or two of imaginary, ill-matched, unhappy husbands and wives, and to do nothing more. It is not exactly the Miltonian method.

We are quite sure that the sort of cure demanded for the matrimonial evils of this age is not the portrayal of such characters as those of Valentine and Monsieur de Lansac, the generous but mistaken Jacques, and the dissolute Josephine; nor our introduction into intimate companionship with unprincipled debauchees like Octave, Benedict, Raymon, Stenio, and Le Corinthien, or women of such fatal facility of seduction as Fernande, Louise, Indiana, or Lelia herself,—for even she had a passage recorded in her memory that might sadden, one would suppose, the retrospects of a woman revering chastity. We are aware, it may be urged that we must be cautious in taking the sentiments or the conduct of a novelist's characters for an exposition of the opinions of the writer herself. In reply, we submit, that a writer who chooses this form of communicating her views of great subjects must consent to be judged by that spirit and that teaching which seem to the reader, in the result of patient study of each work, to proceed most from the author's own heart, and most to express herself. In that much lauded but extravagant production, "*Lelia*," for example,—a sort of symbolical representation of the leading powers whose working involves the progressive history of humanity,—we should be far from taking the sophistries or the sins of Pulcherie, the courtesan, for the manifestations of Madame Dudevant's own principles, though we do not think a woman of the loftiest principles would have presented just such a portrait of just such a person. But we are abundantly convinced of more than we wish to believe, when we can discover hardly a female in all the group of her creations who is not thrusting upon us, *ad nauseam*, some wearisome evidence of the omnipresent influence of the sexual appetite. Such ceaseless harping on that single passion is to the last degree disgusting. We had supposed pure-minded women made the topic a stranger to their thoughts.

But, according to our author's standard, it would seem that

female experience, of a high, thrilling order, must be shockingly incomplete without a lapse or two from virtue. A life of uniform, chaste contentment, domestic self-denial and forbearance, is altogether too tame, commonplace, stupid, for romantic moralists of your women-in-pantaloons school. This is precisely the pernicious, seductive, mischief-working stuff which ought to be ejected from all righteous and home-loving society. It is as contemptible as it is unblushing. It is worthy of a woman who makes audacity, over and over again, her boast, and prides herself in the singularity which, under a false and foolish notion of female independence, spurns those becoming restraints, and those innocent if not venerable proprieties, which a genuine and wise modesty would, after all, be greatly reluctant to trample under foot. The career of vice is described, not always, but sometimes, without its natural retributions. Iniquity rejoices in its low triumphs, villany reaps no harvest of remorse. Society must bear the blame, and suffer the reproach. Individuals may be quite easy; they are only the victims of social inequality, and their sins the legitimate consequences of public wrongs and hereditary customs. We would be unfeignedly thankful to any commentator who would designate the admonition, the lesson, the moral, the poetic or any other justice, in view of this subject, developed either in "*Jacques*,"\* "*Le Compagnon du Tour de France*," or "*Indiana*," — notwithstanding the author's explanations, as quoted above.

It is astonishing how persons of some talent and moral sensibility, but less judgment or profound conviction, will lash themselves into a frenzied feeling that they are raised up for the conduct of some important revolution, which they fondly call their "mission." Undoubtedly, as we have said, married life needs to be improved among us, — needs to be spiritualized. But we shall err prodigiously, if we overlook the incalculable amount of genuine peace, virtue, order, and secret content that dwell in ten thousand habitations of our land, — the result of happy, lasting conjugal connections. Home, just as it is, is about as effective an institution as we

---

\* The real friends of the reputation of George Sand in this country would do well to appoint a committee to circumscribe selections from her works for translation. The recent translation of "*Jacques*" will do more to inform really virtuous and wise people here of the vicious character of those works than any strictures of her enemies. A few admiring critics will not be able to prove that it is otherwise than vile. There are two kinds of cant.

have for human salvation. It is the fountain of what is noblest and purest in character. Whatever may be said of "la belle France," for New England Madame Dudevant's distress is, in large measure, superfluous, we rejoice to say, — allowing it to be unaffected. Whoever has his abode in village or city may count over, till he is satisfied, instances of blessed and beautiful unions, pledged with earnest and thoughtful affection, with a deliberate and conscientious choice, in ardent youth, made firmer and dearer by all the sufferings and rejoicings of a changeful experience, and in a late and glad old age bringing forth that fruit of mutual attentions and close-bound sympathies which so stays and cheers the pilgrimage when it verges toward the shadowy valley. Every hill-side and plain of our country has been the witness of these holy and harmonious connections, and will be. And for the correction of prevailing wrongs, — wrongs that we by no means ignore or under-estimate, — practically we need a few simple remedies, not much enlarged upon in the Dudevant philosophy. One is a greater simplicity of life, bringing marriage within the means of a larger number of persons, without wounding pride by the necessity of a meagre establishment. Another is a more responsible and Christian action in the forming of connections by young persons on their own part and on that of their interested friends. A third is such a change of public opinion as will fix on the husband who is guilty of infidelity to his marriage vows the same stigma of disgrace that is the inevitable portion of the adulterous wife. A fifth is a resolute disposition, in both parties, whenever the beginnings of dissatisfaction appear, to extinguish them, and rekindle affection by voluntary acts of self-sacrifice and kindness. And lastly, above all, this faith planted in all hearts, that irregularities and caprices of passion in the married are not the uncontrollable giants that George Sand and her associates represent them to be, but things that *can* be controlled, and must be, under penalty of social and personal ruin, — things not to be cured by the detestable, mean, debauching doctrine of a "change of object," but by a small portion — every strong-minded man and woman knows how little and how attainable — of self-command, by useful occupation, temperate living, and a Christian culture of the thoughts and affections of the upright soul.

We proceed to observe that another peculiarity of George



Sand's writings, prejudicial to her claims as a social reformer, and rendering the free circulation of her works an enterprise of questionable propriety, is that by their representations of vice they exercise an immoral influence. We speak advisedly, and after careful, deliberate study. We are not unacquainted with what has been said and written on this subject by different parties, and the devious course of criticism respecting it. We beg not to be understood as belonging to that company of critics who have caught up the scandalous rumors, so busily circulated from Paris to Oregon, about this lady's private life or principles. Equally unwilling are we to be understood as agreeing with others, who maintain that an author's personal character ought not to be taken into the account in forming an estimate of the morality of his productions. When we meet an advocate of a particular moral code, we naturally and rightly look to see the effects of that system, as exemplified in the teacher's own conduct. This is legitimate, and no brave champion would shrink from the scrutiny. But we would leave all the eccentricities and foibles, — and the iniquities, if she has been guilty of such, and we have found no one, however enthusiastic, among her admirers who denies that she has, — we leave them all as if they were not. Gossip has fed upon them to satiety. Into the details of her strange biography we enter not. Many of them are but part and parcel of that silly affectation by which she persists in wearing masculine attire, assuming a masculine *nom de guerre*, using pronouns to match that *alias*, and smoking cigars. Whether these are just the methods by which a very great woman would prefer to assert the independence, dignity, and rights of her injured sex, may admit of a question with some minds. "We women are equal to you men! To prove it, lo! frock-coats, tobacco, and nouns in the masculine gender!" It is certainly greatly to her praise that she has lately rejoined her husband, — an individual who is said to be the original of the portrait given us in "Indiana," under the name of Colonel Delmare. We are both ready and glad to believe that she has run her race of folly and sin, that her affairs of gallantry are over, and the days of her transgression ended.

We think we have come to this inquiry as free from bias as if we had never heard a syllable of the author's fame. While we deprecate the standard of moral judgment indicated in the Introduction to the English version of "Consuelo,"

where it speaks of the loftiest style of character as "reared not in the *timid* paths of outward *innocence* alone," we will yield to none in the earnestness of the conviction, that each returning prodigal, male or female, whose penitence is real, should be greeted by every Christian's most cordial welcome, should be met even afar off, should have a place of honor, esteem, and cheering confidence. On the other hand, a writer whose experience has been of that mournful character, whose path has been in places forbidden of God and every high and holy sentiment in the soul, should certainly show us, in her Magdalen confessions, no taint of remaining passion, no delight in the polluted scenes she has forsaken. She should either observe the modesty of silence, or speak language lifted far above suspicion, — language betokening regrets unspeakably solemn, breathing an unsullied purity, and never rousing one ambiguous emotion. This indicates the charge we have to bring against George Sand. It is not that she pays no formal and verbal homage to virtue; for she has many beautiful tributes to that heavenly power which every human soul, in its inmost depths, must sometimes revere with a feeling akin to worship. It is not that we cannot glean from her voluminous productions many expressions such as this: — "All that tends to fix the desires, to shut in the volitions and affections, tends to establish paradise on earth." It is not that she jests at crime, and ridicules purity, — the abominable sin of so much of English literature; her disposition is not of the jocose or even humorous order. It is not that she does not sometimes make vice reap a harvest of wretchedness. It is not that she has a base intention, and *means* to preach impurity at all. But it is that, by the infelicitous and terrible sway of a diseased and abused nature, there creeps into her writings a subtle and almost indefinable spirit which the instinct of a pure heart revolts from. It is that vague but ugly something, which the quick moral sense detects instantly as corrupt, and shuns as poisonous, insinuating itself into her descriptions by force of an inward coarseness long indulged and not yet quite subdued, — herself not willing it, probably unconscious of it; just as we catch from the tone, the countenance, the whole air, of some persons what their lips never tell, but what lies deep in their characters notwithstanding. Is it not true that an irresistible perception of this forces itself even upon her most devoted admirers? One of her most loyal

reviewers, for instance, after an elaborate defence of her writings, as having no immoral tendency, — not yet quite imbued, we should suppose from the expression, with his favorite author's notions of woman's equality with men in strength of intellect, — confesses that a considerable number of her more prominent and celebrated fictions cannot safely be read by "the inexperienced, the young, men of weak minds, and *females*."

We are aware of the plea, that the world needs to be informed of its iniquities ; that good men require to be told of the wrongs and vices about them, in order that they may be roused to work for a reformation ; and that novels like Sand's perform this important office. We grant that there is an appalling insensibility to the evils of our social state, and that a voice as of an archangel is demanded to break the slumbers of the selfish and the satisfied. And therefore we regret all the more that an attempt doubtless so well designed and by so able hands should, for other reasons, be so ill adapted to the great purpose. You, Christian parents, would have your sons and daughters secured from the horrible shame of licentiousness, by being apprised of the dangers that lurk at their side. Would you, therefore, spread before them the most voluptuous descriptions of seductions and intrigues, amidst all the appointments of luxury and passion ? Would you familiarize their minds with the often-repeated story of sensual indulgence, minutely detailed, and wrought up with warm and brilliant coloring ? Would you cover their chamber-walls with the pictures of the Rake's or Harlot's Progress, however repulsive the termination of the downward career may be represented ? Would you employ their evenings with relating the amours of Venus, or put obscene books in their hands to prove that obscenity is in print ? Stir the animal passions of the young by frequent incitements, intoxicate their senses, tell them pleasure is a charming and delicious thing, and though you add that it leads to ruin, there is self-confidence enough in the bosom of youth to imagine, as experience shows us millions have imagined, that they can enjoy the pleasure, and yet stop short of the ruin. No ; this is not the way to inform mankind of the perils that lie in wait for their peace. George Sand has not the secret of that delicate errand. It is not her mission. Her pencil is too glowing. She gives us, not bare and hideous outlines, but the warmth and passionateness

of finish, which are too insidious for such readers as make up the multitude, — readers not guarded either by the impenetrable armour of Christian principle, or by a temperament unusually frigid. She lingers with too much apparent relish over passages which she should either have never recorded, or have blotted with repentant tears. Acquaint society, by all means, with existing corruptions, that you may prepare the way for reform. But, in the name of all that is sacred, do it with solemnity, with awe, with a God-fearing, soul-honoring sense of responsibility. Do it by facts, statistics, results, — not by the imagination. Show men the extent of evil, not the process of its seductive operation. With a few general features before them, their own imagination, without the stimulus of another's, will easily fill up the picture. Set before them the victim of vice in the prostration and infamy of the last lapses in degradation, then just indicate the beginnings that are to be resisted, without gorgeous and protracted portrayals of the scenes of solicitation. Difficult as it is to describe it, who cannot conceive of a fiction even executing this very office without one trace of indelicacy; and who would not thereby conceive of a very different sort of production from these under our notice? An example occurs, on an humble scale, indeed, in Wilson's "*Margaret Lyndsay*." After all, there is a species of fallacy about this whole matter of informing the world of its vices, which a profounder knowledge of human nature would explode. "*Purest wisdom sometimes comes from knowledge of both good and evil*," says the Introduction to the American translation of "*Consuelo*." We remember a remark of a very penetrating mind to this effect: — "*As the highest knowledge of music supposes keenest sensibility to discord, and as the possession of poetic power is the safeguard against puerile rhyme, so does perception of error come from knowledge of right; by knowing what a straight line is we know what crooked ones are, and the clearer our notion of the straight, the quicker our detection of the reverse. The spiritualist has the clearest eye to all moral estrangement.*" And as to the bad, they certainly need not go to school to vice to learn its lesson. Society, we hold, is more improved and renovated by images of purity than by images of pollution, by examples of its noblest attainments and loftiest qualities than by pictures of its degradation. Better elevate men by surrounding them with an atmosphere of light and the company



of the good, than by urging their attention to the records of depravity.\*

That we may not seem to deal in general charges without proof, we will specify a few instances, in George Sand's novels, of the kind of immoral painting we have referred to, — as unnecessary and superfluous to any good purpose, as it is salable in the market. Take, at random, the scenes at the villa of that abandoned voluptuary, Le Prince de Bambucci; † those between the accomplished libertine, Raymon, and the poor Creole, Nona, ‡ and indeed those in "Indiana," *passim*; the passage in "Le Compagnon du Tour de France," Tom. III., pp. 108, 109; or the libidinous adventures of the vile Corilla, of the disgusting Count Zustiniani, and that precocious specimen of Venetian profligacy, Anzoletto, in "Consuelo." And here a word on "Consuelo" in this regard. Consuelo herself is an impersonation of all that is pure and noble, and for presenting us that beautiful creation, we join heartily with the most grateful and admiring friends of the author in any words of praise. But we must confess, too, that a refined taste will revolt sometimes at the repeated introduction of licentious suggestions, in connection, or by contrast, with this stainless character. Could not the strength of her resistance and the multiplicity of her temptations be sufficiently indicated to any reader of sense, without this elaborate, incessant recurrence to amorous *rencontres*? First at Venice, in her forlorn and scanty lodgings, in public, and in gondolas; afterwards in her northern home at Giant's Castle, both above ground and below; then in her virgin wanderings with Haydn, and later still in the dazzling theatre of Vienna, and at Berlin (in the Sequel), — is this beautiful being brought before the reader, as undergoing solicitations to unchastity. The thought is thrust into the reader's mind, in one shape or another, and whether he will or not, till it becomes to the last degree nauseous. What earthly use in this perpetual harping on the sexual passion? Why keep the mind, by implication, allusion, the position of the parties, and in a thousand other ways, on the stretch, for fear of a vile catastrophe? What pleasure or what profit, for a woman of exalted aims, to associate the heroine of her romance, from

\* We beg leave to refer to some other remarks on this subject in our last number. The article in which they occur — on Novels and Novel-writing — was intended to be introductory to this.

† *Lelia*, Tom. I., p. 54, etc.

‡ *Indiana*, Tom. I., pp. 195, 196.

beginning to end, with a bed of lust ? To us this fault mars the whole production. We cannot conceive how a very chaste person, male or female, accustomed to put away all associations of the kind as something harmful, belittling, and unwholesome, can read this book, — however high enjoyment may be derived from it through other qualities which it has, — without growing weary of the prominence held by the sexual appetite in its representations. Nor will it quite suffice for its indiscriminate advocate to repeat the proverb, “ Evil to him that evil thinks,” or “ Unto the pure all things are pure.” This defence will not pass, nor is the reproach it implies just. Unless those true maxims are to have limitations in their application, they will excuse more than any Christian authority could sanction, more than the disciple of the “ largest liberty ” would dare to ask. Besides, that weapon of satire has another edge ; and if the taunt is, that the offence is in the perverse heart of the offended, the reply may be made, that, where there is no complaint, it may be because there is a secret satisfaction in the companionship, which is intrinsically wrong. Jesus Christ thought it a petition worthy to be offered in that divine prayer, the prayer of humanity and of all centuries, — “ Lead us not into temptation.” He must be a presumptuous mortal, that can afford, in this frail and sinning estate, to plant himself without the circle of that security.

A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in the course of a plea for Madame Dudevant, contrasts the acknowledged voluptuousness of her descriptions with some of the coarse passages of Balzac, — such as his sickening accounts of loathsome diseases, — and avows his opinion, that the latter are decidedly unclean, while the former are not. This is generally the world’s way of judging. Refined sin is far more agreeable than the horrors of physical deformity or suffering. The physical consequences of guilt are so repulsive, that they ought not to be contemplated ; but the moral disease, eating out the soul’s life, may cover itself with outward splendor, and be gazed at with impunity ! It is false judgment, and by a false standard. Coarse designations of vice are much less harmful than highly wrought descriptions. Shakspeare and a host of English dramatists introduce foul words into their plays, but they hardly weaken the restraints of any good principle or rouse the passions at all. A tolerably educated person could visit Alsatia, or La Cité of the

"Mysteries," with comparatively little danger, as Nigel and Rodolphe both did. "The Five Points" would furnish a safe promenade for many a young man or woman, who could not withstand the blandishments of a Parisian boudoir. "La Chouette" is a less perilous companion, for any body who can read of either, than "Pulcherie." In the "Mysteries of Paris," Sue has hardly given us a scene that offends the feelings of modesty, notwithstanding the depravity he represents, — not even where he places Jacques Ferrand at the grate ; for a feeling of disgust counteracts the excitement of any lower emotion. But what he has escaped in the "Mysteries" he has not shunned in "The Wandering Jew," and hence the fatal error of that powerful piece of fancy. When he goes from the "Tapis Franc" to the gorgeous toilet-apartments of Adrienne de Cardoville, in the Hotel de Saint Dizier, he passes from secure to forbidden ground. Whoever would see the Almighty blasphemed by prayers offered to him over the bed of deliberate adultery, and the corruption of an entire book excused by a flimsy apology in the Dedication, may find both in "Jacques." There is nothing in the whole volume to brighten or cheer any mortal's lot. All is dark, cold, gloomy, repulsive. May Heaven remove the curse which must follow such a work unrepented of !

We maintain that an author is responsible for the general impression produced by his works, not less than for particular arguments, doctrines, or assertions contained in them. And this indwelling, pervading spirit of a book, no disclaiming preface, however fair its aspect, can contravene, though it may contradict it. Just as an indefinable influence goes out from the living man, apart from any specific words he may utter, or from his actions in detail, not to be fully accounted for by any given deed or speech, not to be substantiated by any specific example of conduct, but yet eminently expressive of character because it is a kind of involuntary manifestation of the result developed from its aggregate of qualities, — so a book, of any ability, reveals a certain pervading spirit, and impresses a meaning hardly to be detected by the sharpest analysis. It is as subtle, as intangible, as the odor of flowers, yet as characteristic.

Now we are far from saying that this general impression of a book will be exactly uniform on a number of different minds. But it will be sufficiently so to impose on the writer

a serious responsibility for its nature. To each individual this impression may be a far more important thing than any detached passage, or any single doctrine, presented in the volume. If it be hurtful, it may work more mischief than the boldest advocacy of an untenable proposition, the most glaring perversion of the reasoning faculty, the most deplorable display of false logic, or the misstatement of many facts. If it be good, it may produce a glow of moral enthusiasm, not to be accounted for by quotations. It is this perverting influence, which, in the case of many of George Sand's novels, we pronounce to be either alarmingly doubtful or positively bad. Without undertaking to speak for other readers, we honestly record our declaration, that we have repeatedly laid down her books with the feeling of having been in an unwholesome presence, — with much the same sensation as that with which one escapes from an ill-ventilated apartment into the open air.

We cannot omit to say, in passing, that this lady has a way of recommending petty falsehoods. She attributes, not to her worse or doubtful characters alone, but to those that are in other respects quite exemplary, this vicious trick of lying. And so far from representing the habit as objectionable, she leaves us to infer that it is a very pretty accomplishment. Sue is guilty of the same indecency. Persons so amiable, and even so honorably just and nobly benevolent, as Rodolphe and Adrienne de Cardoville, when they are overtaken by any little embarrassment, relieve themselves by a falsehood, with as much coolness and as light scruples, as they would scatter a handful of francs among a company of mendicants. So, precisely, with the gentle and high-hearted Consuelo. She tells five lies in *Bohemia* (in one of which she denies that she ever told any), four in her wanderings with Joseph Haydn between *Bohemia* and *Vienna*, and four after her arrival at *Vienna*. In the *Sequel*, "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*," it is worse yet, if possible; and there we have a deliberate apology for the practice, on the score of generosity. Now it is a matter of something like moral certainty, established by wide observation, that persons who lie in small matters will, under certain exigencies, lie in large matters; and that persons who lie deliberately at all will commit other sins of a like kind. Mean vices are no anchorites; they do not love a solitary life. Nor will we allow the defenders of these authors to say that it is a narrow and bigoted



criticism to censure faults like this in the presence of high, commanding, and atoning qualities. On the other hand, we protest against this laxity. We say, lying is decidedly bad morality, under all circumstances whatsoever. Done for personal security, it is cowardice. Done for selfish convenience, it is a detestable meanness. Done in a good cause, it is an insult and an injury to that cause. As Carlyle says, after the Gospel, and to the purpose, — “A man in no case has any liberty to tell lies. It had been in the long run better for Napoleon, too, if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose, reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies?”

By far the most weighty fault in George Sand's writings pertains, however, not to her views of any one specific subject or statute of morality, but to the principle that lies at the very foundation of her religious philosophy. There is a fatal absence of any believing recognition of Christ and Christianity. In the plans which she, and her French compeers in social agitation, propose for the regeneration of the race, the faith of the Evangelists does not hold the supreme place. *Consuelo* is represented as the model of feminine character. But what has Christianity in the most distant way to do — what has any thing but nature, art, music,\* to do — with her purity, her elevation, and the development of the powers of her soul? These writers and workers do not bend submissively, meekly, trustingly, before that majestic revelation of truth which has ever been and ever must remain the fountain of all great endeavours for the moral amelioration of mankind. In their dispensation, it is easy to see that Jesus of Nazareth is not the authoritative lawgiver, his word is not the supernatural light and life. Rhetoric may speak of Jesus in courtly and well-turned phrases, in flattery almost profane, as the highest genius, the noble, the brave. There may be a fervent admiration often expressed for the martyr

\* “To glorify music,” says the Introduction to *Consuelo*, “is her religious mission.” “Music is her highest duty, her confession of faith, her acknowledgment of God.” This is sufficiently intelligible. — In the fatiguing disclosures, made in the latter part of “*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*,” of the principles of that redoubtable Order of Free Masons, “*The Invisibles*,” we find set forth the place which this ultra-rationalizing school assign to Christ. Excellent, humane, holy, as many of those principles were, have we not a significant intimation of the results of any such system in the fate of the Order, as afterwards announced? Crafty men speculated in it, and it was betrayed. (*Œuvres*, Tom. V., p. 203.)

of Calvary, as one, perhaps the mightiest, of the "noble army." Among the sages, the moralists, the heroes of the centuries, he who spake as never man spake may hold an honored seat. And in the pantheon of modern worship, the statue of that Divine messenger who cried, "I come forth from the Father," "I and my Father are one," "I am the resurrection and the life," may be even permitted to stand side by side with the images of Orpheus, Jason, and Pan, Solon, Numa, and Alfred. How different all this is from a reception, by faith, of the Christ of the Gospels, as the Son of God, the Head of the Church, the Redeemer of men, who, — after the speculations and controversies of the last half-century, in Germany and England, France and America, — who does not know?

According to the system referred to, æsthetics is the substitute for theology; art, for Christian faith; associations of artists and artisans, for the Christian Church; the admiration of the beautiful, for piety towards God; and homage to genius, for the worship of the Father. Virtue is an impulse. Enjoyment is the fulfilling of the law. Follow the leadings of a refined taste, and the spontaneous suggestions of nature, guided only by a conventional and politic measure of restraint, and you will reach the perfection of being, and the ultimatum of human happiness. Is a man vicious? It comes from without, not from within him. Would you redeem him? Lift off the burdens imposed by society, and the unjust restrictions of custom and law. Would you sanctify the life of all classes of men? Equalize, and equalize again, their condition. This is rather shallow, and threatens to grow stale. Granted that "all things beautiful and harmonious, all things bearing testimony, however generally, to the divine origin and immortal destiny of man, have some *affinity* with the highest truth, and are rays of that light which dawned upon all mankind in Christ"; yet, — we can do no better than quote the lucid language of a clear thinker, —

"As soon as the worship of genius proposes itself as a substitute for religion, the *Christian* religion, its falsity becomes perceptible for three reasons: because homage is not religion; because genius is not God; and because Christ is not merely a man of the highest genius. Theoretical in its development, it wants the full ethic power; and though it may occasionally exercise a moral influence, its operations are too secondary and too feeble to be compared with the mighty workings of religious faith. Not

only in moments of spiritual excitement and elevation, but also in those of depression and deepest sorrow, the thought of God can soothe, reconcile, and bless. The worship of genius has not this all-sufficing power. Religion is simple, wholesome food,—the bread of spiritual life, always nourishing and palatable; the worship of genius is a stimulating dainty, agreeable at times, but incapable, when the soul longs for the highest food, of affording permanent sustenance. When the Divine nature has taken its place as the absolute perfection in man's mind, he contents himself no longer with mere *veneration*, but, overpowered by the infinite sublimity and blessed majesty of God, bows before him in the dust, and *adores Him*. Man requires not merely a worship of intellectual excitement and luxury, but an adoration which humbles, sanctifies, and morally regenerates him. Genius points to its Divine Original, can indeed *bear witness* to the all-mighty, all-holy, all-loving One, but can never supply his place.\*

No substitution, by philosophy or fiction, naturalism or mysticism, for Christ and the Christian faith, can ever guard from sin, or lead into the heights of holiness,—can ever satisfy the spiritual craving of the soul. Nor can any vagaries of the human intellect, any theorist's speculation or dreamer's fancy, sever the bond which holds the living, personal, divinely commissioned Saviour to the frail, sinning, heavy-laden, but repentant heart of humanity. The multitudes of the world, weary with fruitless seeking, will come back to his fold, gather themselves in glad and grateful discipleship at his feet, and enter into his kingdom.

Of the literary execution of George Sand's writings, in general, it is not easy to speak in terms of too high commendation. Apart from an occasional extravagance, already alluded to, which finds its way sometimes from her strain of feeling into her style, that style is one of rare excellence. She writes always with beauty, often with singular power. Had we left ourselves larger space, we would gladly speak more at length of the artistic merits of "*Consuelo*," and its Sequel, "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*." In the latter, the interest falls off. A succession of strange events, unnatural scenes, and feverish excitements leave that magnificent creation, *Consuelo* herself, to exert over us a far less beautiful and powerful charm than when she appears as purely the child of art, struggling with the intelligible trials of her lot, before

\* See the able Letter of Professor Ullman to G. Schwab on the "Worship of Genius," called out by the article of Strauss on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity."



her marriage. Throughout the whole, every thing is made subservient to the development of character, a department in which our author excels, and which she displays triumphantly in this production. Unity, probability, nature, every thing in the story, are sacrificed to this, — the development of the characters, and the ideas which those characters embody or illustrate. Nothing can be better or more perfectly sustained than *Porpora*. There is, indeed, a striking individuality in all the personages. With regard to the illustrious historical characters, and the justice done them, opinions will probably differ, particularly in the case of the Empress Maria Theresa. As to Albert, we confess we wish he had been represented as a little less cold and clammy, a little more like a live man. We cannot perceive the advantage gained by his mystical moods, his awful forebodings and reveries, his incoherent ravings about Jean Ziska, the Podiebrads, and the wild legends of the Boehmarwald, which haunted his morbid fancy like a nightmare. In our judgment, nothing would have been lost to the interest, the genius, or the value of the work, if the entire web of supernatural machinery had been swept away. It is as superfluous and awkwardly managed, as in Sue's "*Wandering Jew*." Its strangeness repels, rather than fascinates by any poetic associations. It is as clumsy and unsatisfactory, as Zdenko's system of hydrodynamics, which, we rather think, would puzzle the Abbé Bossut, Du Buat, or Lagrange himself. But these and all other artistic defects are only secondary qualities. The author leads us on, by the potency of her graceful enchantment, in an almost unbroken enthusiasm of delight. — The translation of "*Consuelo*" by Mr. Shaw is skilful, faithful, and spirited.

To sum up in few words our opinion of the character and influence of Madame Dudevant as an author, it stands somewhat as follows. Among the intellectual manifestations of the age she is one of the more remarkable phenomena. With a mind capable of diversified and intense action, — with large resources, derived rather from an eager and penetrating observation, from an intuitive perception of the significance and relations of things, not unassisted by reflection, than from learned investigations, informed rather by insight than by research, — with an imagination vivid and not easily fatigued in its flights, — with a strong command of pathos, and a stronger of satire, — with an extraordinary mastery



of the flexible qualities of the French language, — with these brilliant endowments, she is equal, intellectually, to high endeavours and unusual achievements. Such achievements her rather voluminous romances present. On her susceptible nature a painful experience has wrought with terrible power. Unfortunately, the strength of her moral principles has not balanced the vigor of her mind. Accordingly, we see in her one of those sad spectacles of which literary history exhibits too many; — genius wandering from rectitude; conscience unsettled from its throne; no firm faith to harmonize and tranquillize the motions of a soul, deploring in bitter lamentations, now in whinings of discontent, now in shrieks of anguish, its desolation and its misery. She has deep, fervent sympathies with her kind, and she would rejoice to deliver them from the inequalities, wrongs, sufferings, that burden them. But for the office of a genuine reformer it is to be feared she has unfitted herself. Her spirit has not the healthful, genial tone which to the true reformer is indispensable. Granting what her friends claim for her, unaffected earnestness and longing for truth, yet her earnestness is a bitter earnestness. She has too much the temper of Rousseau, too little that of Fénelon; too close an affinity for the morbid anatomy of Byron, too slight an infusion of the wholesome sympathy of Wordsworth, Dickens, or Scott. Her energy has not the magnificence of a surface in repose, hiding invincible powers beneath. She chafes peevishly, and raves frantically, and sometimes rails almost spitefully. Some of her most eloquent and splendid passages, like that at the conclusion of “*Lelia*” for example, lose a great part of their force and beauty by their exaggerations; they are not true, they grossly misrepresent the age, and abuse humanity. For the prophet’s vocation, the loftiest human calling, she has not the needed consecration. Sadly out of joint as the world actually is, by looking at it through the distorted and discolored medium of a distempered and remorseful heart she does not see even its disturbed proportions aright. She drank too deeply of the world’s most poisonous cup; and though she has repented with a sorrow that we would not doubt is accepted of Heaven, yet the dregs have left disease and imbecility in her constitution. There is no exception to the heavenly rule of retribution. The time may come, when she will have risen so far above her past debasement (we will not change the word, for the glitter of genius

shall not make itself a curse to us by blinding us to the eternal justice and verity of God's law) as to teach mankind on the most sacred of their duties, and by lessons that exhibit no remaining stain of the corrupt scenes which her erratic feet have traversed. We naturally require of a Magdalen, that she should be even farther removed, in repugnance, from every trace of the sin forsaken, than another. At present, she has not reached that height. The stain is there, palpable, though no malicious rumor pointed its finger at the cause. It is not improbable that she will yet become so baptized into that living faith of Christ, hitherto little more than one of many pure poetic dreams to her fancy, that she may instruct the world in their highest obligations. That time has not yet come, as we devoutly hope it will. When it arrives, we shall gladly welcome her counsels, whether by romance or disquisition. Till then, we cannot rejoice in the dissemination of her works, indiscriminately, among the half-informed portions of the community. The books that mark the previous stages of her progress, and chronicle the vagaries of her struggling philosophy, can do little service to the substantial welfare of men. The work of a destructionist is not so difficult that we need be as anxious to multiply laborers in that field as to hearken to those who propose remedies for existing evils, — though even the work of destruction may be done in a gentle, loving spirit. Nor can we regard it as a sign of very profound thinking, that our author makes it her boast, as in the preface quoted above, that she can put questions which the age cannot answer. It strikes us as rather a weak piece of smartness, this complacent sally, — "The shortest way to silence questions is to answer them." To ask questions that nobody can answer is the sublime prerogative of any child in leading-strings, the marvellous victory of babyhood.

May we be permitted, in conclusion, to address one word to the advocates of social reorganization, — whether on the basis of Fourier or any other, — suggested by the circumstance, that the translation of "*Consuelo*" first appeared in the pages of the "*Harbinger*." Brethren, there are those in our community, thoughtful, working, sympathizing men and women, who are looking, not with a prejudgment of contempt, but with sober solicitude, and with the candor that seeks to be enlightened, upon your noble endeavours. Oppressed with a painful conviction of the wrong tendencies in

our civilization ; pained by the falsities that cover up injustice and foster vice in the present social condition ; knowing well how contradictory many of our institutions and customs have become to the Christianity that is now eighteen centuries old, and was announced by Jesus of Nazareth, bringing deliverance to the captives, healing the broken-hearted, and preaching the Gospel to the poor ; perplexed, yet longing to act ; with no bigoted subservience to old ways, but distrustful rather, and seeking better methods, with faces towards the East, — these men and women are pondering the thoughts that your voices utter, and are awaiting anxiously the results which your experiments shall unfold. Do not disappoint them and injure truth, by a hairbreadth's departure from the straitest code of morality. Do not make the adoption of your peculiar theory an apology for laxity in the ethical creed, or derelictions in life. Do not fall into a kind of social antinomianism. Do not seize and adopt with avidity authors that favor your scheme, unless they are also elevated to the level of your own purity of aim. Do not weaken the sanctions of stern virtue ; nor remove responsibility from individual souls to institutions, customs, or that vague, vicarious agent called society. Do not impair the reverence, which no spiritual mind can ever willingly see abated, for the benign revelation of the Father's love in his Son. Do not compromise the great amelioration you have at heart, by a heartier devotion to party or plan than to the new kingdom itself, which all good efforts shall help to establish, — the kingdom of purity and peace, freedom and love, righteousness and faith, the everlasting kingdom of God.

F. D. H.

---

ART. V. — CLOUGH'S SELECT WORKS.\*

THIS book claims particular notice from us on several accounts. It is the production of an old acquaintance, whom we had reason to respect. It is devoted to the furtherance of liberal views, similar, for the most part, to our own, re-

---

\* *A Series of Articles and Discourses, Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental ; constituting the Select Works of SIMON CLOUGH.* New York : Published by the Author. 1843. 8vo. pp. 540.

specting the doctrines and spirit of the Gospel. It is the only volume of sermons which has come to us from the sect distinguished by the name of "Christians." The high character and position sustained by the author in the class of ministers to which he belonged give to his writings a peculiar importance. Nearly half of his official life was spent in New England, and there are, doubtless, not a few accustomed to look into our pages, who would rejoice to become acquainted with the printed discourses of a preacher to whose living voice they formerly listened with pleasure and advantage. For these reasons, and others of a like kind, we should feel it to be a duty, and a gratifying one, to invite the attention of our readers to the work before us, even if its intrinsic merits did not entitle it to high regard. The same considerations, as well as the author's personal deserts, induce us to give a brief sketch of his life and character.

Elder Clough was a native of Monmouth, in the State of Maine. He was born in 1793, and, till nearly twenty years of age, was employed on his father's farm. His opportunities for learning, during this period, were such only as the common schools of the town afforded. From early childhood, however, he had given tokens of an inquisitive mind, always loving to read better than to play; and when, in the autumn of 1812, it fell to his lot to have two or three months at his own disposal, he devoted the time to books, under the direction of a good instructor. The consequence was, that he decided to make intellectual instead of manual labor his business for the future. We accordingly find him, for several years afterwards, a diligent student at one or another of the neighbouring academies, except when engaged occasionally as a teacher of some district school for the purpose of procuring means to defray his expenses. It was while so employed, in 1814, that, excited by the frightful mortality which a prevalent disease was causing around him, his thoughts were turned, as they never had been before, to the subject of religion. The serious impressions thus produced resulted, before long, not only in his professing himself a Christian disciple, but also in his resolving, with God's permission, to become a preacher of the Gospel.

With a view to this office, and strongly desirous of obtaining a liberal education, he now devoted himself to the study of the classics, first at a private seminary in Winthrop, and subsequently at the academy in Hebron, where his applica-



tion to the Latin and Greek was so intense, that his eyesight failed him, and he was obliged to refrain from books for several years. Though prevented by this cause from going to college, he did not relinquish the purpose of becoming a minister of Christ. He prepared himself as well as he could ; began to preach in the summer of 1817 ; was soon after ordained as an evangelist ; and having, as the earliest fruits of his labors, gathered several new churches between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, he supplied, during the winter of 1818-19, the pulpit of the Christian society in Eastport. In the spring he accepted an invitation to visit Portland. Respecting his first effort there, Elder Morgridge — to whose memoir of his friend we are indebted for several of the foregoing particulars — gives this anecdote, for the encouragement, he says, of young preachers.

“ As he was the best educated minister of the Christian Connexion in the State (then District) of Maine, his appointment in Portland called together an unusually large congregation and many ministers, — being attracted chiefly by the report that a young man of *learning* was expected to preach. When the hour arrived, the house being crowded, and expectation high, he arose, opened the meeting, read his text, and, having proceeded a few minutes, he paused, and said to the people, — ‘ My subject looked very dark when I commenced, and it has been growing darker ever since ; — I can proceed no farther.’ Expressing a desire for some other minister to take his place, he retired from the pulpit, weeping profusely.”

From Portland he removed, in 1819, to Boston, and took charge of the Christian society whose place of worship is now in Summer street. He remained in this position, an industrious and successful minister, till 1824, when, having resigned his office here, he went to New York, and established the first Christian church in that city, which soon became large and flourishing under his care. But he did not confine his labors to his own congregation in Broome street. Widely known and esteemed, he was often invited to preach in distant places ; and with such requests he seldom refused to comply. Several of his occasional discourses, delivered during this period, were published ; as, for example, one, in 1825, at the opening of the Christian meeting-house in Boston, and another, in 1826, before the New York Eastern Conference, at Broadalbin ; both of which were of a high order of merit. He was editor, for a

considerable time, of the "Gospel Luminary," a monthly publication, devoted to the interests of Liberal Christianity ; in which vocation he gave proofs of talent, learning, and sound judgment. In September, 1826, he was appointed on a committee, by the "United States General Christian Conference," to conduct a correspondence with the "General Baptists of England" ; and in the performance of this duty, he wrote that excellent account of the "rise, progress, character, faith, and prospects" of his denomination, which appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, for March and April, 1827, and which, in the form of a separate pamphlet, was widely circulated, both in this country and in Great Britain. Nor can we refrain from remarking here, that to him at this period, more perhaps than to any other member of his sect, belonged the credit of earnest desires and endeavours to produce that harmony of feeling and action between the Christian Connexion and the Unitarian Congregationalists, which now so happily prevails.

He remained in New York about nine years, or till near the end of 1833, when he yielded to a very urgent request from Fall River, in this State, to become the pastor of the Christian society in that growing town. Of his success there some idea may be formed from the fact, that within three years the congregation, which had been exceedingly small, became so numerous as to require an enlargement of the meeting-house, and that more than two hundred persons were added to the church. Being convinced, about this time, that such services as he could render were greatly needed in New Jersey, he removed to that State at the beginning of 1837, where his preaching was followed by remarkable results, especially in the counties of Hunterdon, Morris, and Sussex. Many houses of worship were erected through his instrumentality ; and we are told that large numbers, in that section of the country, attribute to him, under God, their conversion from error and sin. In the eastern part of the State also, to which he chiefly confined his efforts during the last two or three years of his active life, the influence both of his tongue and of his pen was widely and deeply felt. In addition to his other cares and labors, he was for some time employed in collecting materials for a new religious magazine, to be edited by himself, and published by the "General Christian Book Association." But in the spring of 1842 his health became impaired ; and after a lingering ill-

ness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and trust, he died in the city of New York, May 20, 1844, at the age of fifty-one.

It is now twenty-two years since we first became acquainted with the subject of this notice. During that time his character has been regarded by us with great respect. It was strongly marked, well balanced, manly, and Christian. He possessed a vigorous mind, which, if not rapid in its movements, was capable of close, steady, and prolonged application. He loved books, was careful in the choice of them, and gave much time to hard study. He was familiar with several of the Latin and Greek classics, and accustomed to read the sacred Scriptures in their original languages. It was said of him, a few years ago, that he was probably the most learned man in his denomination. As to his moral and religious traits, all who knew him were ready to bear testimony to their excellence. Pure, generous, and devout affections seemed ever to rule in his heart. Few men were less selfish than he, and his integrity was incorruptible. He preferred the right to the expedient, and shrunk, as if by instinct, from measures of a questionable character, whatever immediate advantage they might promise. His temperament was naturally quick and sanguine ; but calmness, prudence, moderation, and dignity distinguished his conduct. He was ever ready for worthy enterprises, and prosecuted what he undertook with energy and perseverance. He was a man of deep piety ; prayer seeming to be his favorite exercise. In the pastoral relation, which he sustained to many churches, he was sincere, affectionate, discreet, and devoted. As a preacher, though in his earliest attempts self-distrustful and often embarrassed, yet subsequently he spoke with ease, fluency, and force, and at times with eloquence. He wrote much, and most of his compositions that we have seen bear the impress of a strong and well-stored mind, and of a heart imbued with the spirit of freedom, truth, and religion. He had his foibles ; but they belonged to the surface of his character, were seen at once, easily pardoned, and soon forgotten. From early life he was accustomed to the trials of adversity ; but the "evil day," as Elder Morgridge remarks, "revealed his sterling worth, by furnishing a demonstration that his governing principles changed not with a change of fortune. His graces shone forth with a brighter lustre, even as the sun appears more glorious while passing through the darkness of an eclipse."

About a year before his death, Elder Clough selected from his manuscripts a number of essays and discourses sufficient to make a royal octavo volume of five hundred and forty pages, which he published under the title we have given at the beginning of this article. He says of them, in his preface, that "they should have been rewritten ; but the state of the author's health would by no means admit of this laborious exercise ; so that he was under the necessity of either presenting them in their original dress, or of withholding them entirely from the public. The plain style, however, in which they are now offered, may be as acceptable and as profitable to common readers, as though it had been more labored, and had received a higher polish." We think so, too. Finely wrought diction is not what the majority of people want. But good sense, conveyed by intelligible and strong words, they do require ; and of this there is no lack in the book before us. It abounds in substantial instruction of the most useful kind. Faults of language it indeed has ; on some points of controversy it lays undue stress, as, for instance, on the mode of baptism ; nor is it without errors of Scriptural interpretation. But objectionable matters of this sort are easily overlooked, in view of the sound and wholesome doctrine, the rational and earnest piety, the excellent spirit of liberty and love, and the very faithful dealing with conscience, which distinguish most parts of the volume. We subjoin several extracts, from which our readers may learn something as to the author's views of truth and duty, and his manner of preaching.

The first passage we select is a long one ; but it is interesting, because it expresses what the author declares "he believes to be the faith generally entertained by the Christian Connexion."

"I believe, — 1. That the Holy Scriptures, including the books of the Old and New Testaments, contain a full revelation of the will of God concerning man, and are alone sufficient for every thing relating to the faith and practice of a Christian ; and were given by the inspiration of God.

"2. That the Holy Scriptures are addressed to the reason of man, and may be understood, and that every individual possesses the inalienable right of reading them, and of exercising his own judgment with regard to their true import and meaning.

"3. That there is but one living and true God, the Father Almighty, who is unoriginated, infinite, and eternal ; the Creator and Preserver of all things, visible and invisible ; and that this



God is one spiritual intelligence, one infinite mind, ever the same and never varying.

"4. That this one God is the moral Governor of the world, the absolute source of all the blessings of nature, providence, and grace; in whose infinite wisdom, goodness, and benevolence have originated all the moral dispensations to man.

"5. That man is a free agent, never being impelled by any necessitating influence either to do good or evil, but has it continually in his power to choose the life or death set before him; on which ground he is an accountable being, and answerable for all his actions; and on this ground alone he is the proper subject of rewards and punishments.

"6. That all men, in every age, country, and condition of society, sin and come short of the glory of God.

"7. That Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the promised Messiah and Saviour of the world; that there is salvation in no other name, and that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

"8. That Jesus Christ, in pursuance of the glorious plan of salvation, and for the benefit of all mankind, without distinction, submitted to the painful and ignominious death of the cross; by which death the new covenant was sealed, ratified, and confirmed; so that, henceforth, his blood is the blood of the everlasting covenant, and the gospel is the new covenant in his blood; and that, on the third day after his crucifixion, he was raised from the dead, by the power of God.

"9. That the pardon of sin is communicated through the mediation of Jesus Christ, through his sufferings and death; and is received by repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"10. That God freely forgives sin, on the ground of his own rich mercy, and not on account of any merit or worthiness in the creature; so that we are justified freely by his grace.

"11. That the Holy Spirit is the power and energy of God,—that holy influence of God, by whose agency, in the use of means, the wicked are regenerated, sanctified, and converted to a holy and virtuous life; and that the saints, by the same Spirit, in the use of means, are comforted, strengthened, and led in the path of duty.

"12. That the souls of all truly penitent believers may be cleansed from all the defilements of sin, and be brought into a state of holiness and purity with God, and, by continued obedience, live in a justified state before him.

"13. That the whole period of human life is a state of probation, in every part of which a sinner may repent and turn to God, and also in every part of which a believer may relapse into sin, and

fall from the grace of God ; and that this possibility of rising, and liability to falling, are essential to a state of trial or probation.

" 14. That all the promises and threatenings of the gospel are conditional, as they regard man with reference to his well-being here and hereafter ; and that on this ground alone the sacred writings can be consistently interpreted, or rightly understood.

" 15. That Jesus Christ has ordained two institutions, which are to be perpetually observed, baptism and the Lord's supper ; baptism is to be administered on a profession of faith in the Christian religion, by which the candidate engages to renounce his sins and walk in newness of life ; the Lord's supper is to be frequently observed by all true believers, in commemoration of his sufferings and death, by which death the new covenant was confirmed.

" 16. That there will be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust.

" 17. That there will be a day of judgment, after which all will be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body.

" This summary, it is believed, contains all the essential principles of Christianity, which properly come under the *rule of faith*. In these principles we should, therefore, be fixed and decided." — pp. 184 – 186.

With reference to the error, which prevailed some years ago more than now, that " ecstasies and raptures " must necessarily belong to all true religious experience, the preacher remarks as follows, in his sermon on Christian Perfection.

" We admit that true piety is warm and ardent, and is attended with a high state of devotional feeling. If we love God supremely, the spirit of love will overcome and subdue every opposite emotion, and will diffuse itself throughout the whole heart. And when this is the state of the mind, the heart will be warm with love, and a glow of generous and benevolent feeling will swallow up every other emotion of the soul ; and this state of feeling will be constant and abiding. Not a few persons, however, have mistaken rhapsodies and ecstasies for the spirit of devotion, and have vainly imagined, because they have been strongly excited, and continually excited, that they are, therefore, wholly sanctified. It should be remembered that excitement depends very much upon the state of the nerves ; that some persons are much more excitable than others ; and that the nerves of all persons are more excitable when enfeebled by disease, than in the enjoyment of good health. A high state of excitement, instead of being an evidence of full sanctification, is sometimes the result of weakness, either of body or mind, and is more a defect than a virtue. Too much excitement on one subject frequently disqualifies persons for the proper and regular discharge of important

duties. True piety, instead of spending all its force on emotions, and passing off in ecstasies and rhapsodies, in shouts and praises, will lead its possessor to obey God in all things, and discharge every social and relative duty." — pp. 257, 258.

In a discourse entitled "Expostulation with those who neglect the Work of God," the excuse for disobedience founded on the theory of man's inability, since Adam's fall, to choose the right and to pursue it, without God's irresistible grace, is dealt with thus.

"Matter is inactive of itself, and only moves in consequence of its being acted upon by some other being. Man is possessed of a power to begin motion, and to determine it in any direction he may think proper. This power and this intelligence constitute his liberty, and form that image of God which is stamped upon his nature. Whether man possesses this power of acting originally and of himself, or whether he is incapable of forming any resolution, or making any effort, without being acted upon by a foreign cause, is not a point to be reasoned on, or to be disputed about; it is a question of fact, which, as far as can be possibly known, every man has it in his power to determine by the evidence of his own consciousness. We do affirm, then, that every man is conscious that he is a free agent, and that it is not possible for the most staunch advocate of man's moral inability, who has ever yet appeared, seriously and practically to convince himself of the contrary. It is not possible for man in his senses to believe, that, in all those crimes which men charge themselves with and reproach themselves for, God is the agent; and that, properly speaking, they are no more agents than a sword is when employed to commit murder. We do, indeed, on some occasions, feel ourselves hurried on so impetuously by violent passions, that we seem for an instant to have lost our freedom; but on cool reflection, we find that we both might and ought to have restrained that heat in its first commencement. We feel that we can divert our thoughts, and overcome ourselves, in most instances, if we set seriously about it. We feel that knowledge, reflection, and proper society improve the temper and disposition; and that ignorance, negligence, and the society of the worthless and abandoned corrupt and degrade the mind. From all this we conclude, that man is free, and not under inevitable fate, or irresistible motions to do good or evil. This conclusion is confirmed by the whole style of the Scripture, which, upon any other supposition, becomes a solemn and unworthy mockery. It is full of persuasions, exhortations, reproofs, expostulations, encouragements, and terrors. But to what purpose is it to speak to dead men, to persuade the blind to see, or the lame to run?

To what purpose is it to direct a man with a disjointed frame to labor in a vineyard? If we are under impotence till the irresistible grace comes, and if, when it comes, nothing can withstand it, what occasion is there of these solemn discourses which can have no effect? They cannot render us inexcusable, unless it were in our power to be improved by them; and to imagine that God gives light and blessings, which can do no good, to those whom before he intended to damn, only to make them more inexcusable, and for the purpose of aggravating their condemnation, gives so strange an idea of his character as it is not fit to express in the language that naturally arises out of it. We, therefore, conclude that God has set before the sons of men life and death, blessing and cursing; and that the soul that chooseth life shall live, as the soul that chooseth death shall die; and that man has the moral ability of choosing the good as well as the evil, so that the sinner is without excuse." — pp. 409, 410.

We give the last paragraph of a sermon from the text, —  
"Ye are the light of the world."

"Remember, my dear friends, that the eyes of all are upon you, and that God's glory in the world is very greatly affected by your conduct. Any fault in you will be readily seen and noticed by the world. They who pay but little attention to the stars that shine in their orbits will yet be observant enough of a falling star; and, in like manner, they who overlook the radiance of ten thousand saints will mark with triumph the fall of a professor, and derive from it an argument against all serious religion. You should, therefore, be on your guard against every thing which may either eclipse your light, or cause it to shine with diminished splendor. Avoid, in your intercourse with mankind, the appearance of evil, and give no offence to either saint or sinner. Maintain that seriousness and gravity in your deportment, that becomes an heir of the grace of life. Put away from among yourselves all foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient, and let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ. In maintaining this character, you must submit to some labor, and expect to be exposed to some inconvenience and danger from those who cannot bear the light; but neither indifference nor fear ought to prevent you from discharging a duty which the great Father of lights has imposed upon all his children. Has God furnished you with talents, or placed you in circumstances which have enabled you to acquire juster notions of religion than what are possessed by other men; endeavour to communicate your superior knowledge to your brethren, by every fair and honorable method in your power, and at every season when you are likely to be heard. Say not, The work belongs to others, — I have



no call to engage in it, — I leave it to those who are better qualified. Providence, which has given you more light, has, at the same time, given you a call to distribute it to all who are in darkness; if you keep it under a bushel, you make an ungrateful return to that Being from whom it was derived; you defeat the purpose for which it was bestowed, and adopt the maxim of that corrupt church which thinks it for the happiness of mankind to keep the world in ignorance." — pp. 516, 517.

From the discourse delivered in 1841, at the opening of the Christian chapel at Hope, New Jersey, we extract the appropriate form of dedication with which it closes.

"We end as we began, by dedicating this house to God, the Father Almighty, the only living and true God. We dedicate it to his undivided unity, to his supreme and unrivalled majesty. We dedicate it to his paternal love, to his free grace, to his supreme worship. We dedicate it to his Son Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and men; to the memory of his love, to the celebration of his moral perfections, to the preaching of that gospel which he sealed with his blood, and confirmed by the resurrection from the dead. We dedicate it to the Holy Spirit, the regenerating and sanctifying power of God; to those heavenly influences which bring back the rebellious sons of men to the smiles of their Heavenly Father; to those celestial visitations which communicate peace, joy, and strength to the devout soul. We dedicate it to the sacred cause of Christian liberty, to the rights of individual judgment. We dedicate it to social worship, to religious intercourse, to the communion of saints. We dedicate it to Christian morals, to social order, to diffusive benevolence, to universal good-will. We dedicate it to those solemn warnings, to those affectionate entreaties, to those persuasive arguments, by which a perishing sinner may be arrested and brought back to God. We dedicate it to the precious promises of the gospel, which pour consolation into the devout heart, and lighten the burden of human woe. We dedicate it to the hope of a blessed immortality, in that brighter world of glory, where reigns one eternal day of rest, and peace, and joy. Finally, we dedicate it to the great work of preparing the soul for that state of blessedness, and for nearer approaches to God, its Maker. Here, in this house, may heart meet heart. Here may man meet God. Here may devout gratitude, may fervent prayers, may songs of praise, as fragrant incense, ascend to heaven. Here may the blessings of God descend upon his people, and the dews of heaven water generations to come. May parents bequeath to their children, down to the latest posterity, this sacred spot, this holy temple, where they have met the smiles of their Heavenly Father, and received pledges of his everlasting love." — p. 445.

The author deeply felt the importance of an educated ministry, and upon this subject he was accustomed often and with earnestness to insist. We quote from the able essay inserted at the beginning of the book.

"While piety is indispensable, it should not be forgotten that there are other qualifications which are also essential in rendering a minister of the gospel useful and successful as a public teacher. The great Head of the Church would have an *energetic* as well as an honest and devoted ministry. And hence the necessity of looking into the intellectual, as well as the moral and religious character of the ministry. The enlightened age in which we live, and the general intelligence which is disseminated among all orders and conditions of men, obviously require an intellectual as well as a pious and devoted ministry. It is absurd to suppose a man who possesses a rude and uncultivated mind is properly qualified to preach the gospel with success, to a polished, intellectual, and intelligent congregation, merely because he is truly pious. Pious he may be; but if his talents and learning are not sufficiently commanding to gain and fix the attention of his audience, he can be the means of doing them but little good. There seems to be a great absurdity in giving our children a polite and polished education, and then doom [dooming] them to hear an uneducated ministry. Where education is widely diffused and disseminated among all classes of the community, as in this country, the ministry should also be educated, in order that they may become competent and useful teachers of the Christian religion." — p. 2.

Again : —

"If young men rush into the gospel field without preparation, — without maturity of judgment, — without discipline of mind, — without knowledge, — without that balance of powers which is the result of well-proportioned cultivation, — they will, they must, labor under great disadvantages; and there will be found only here and there an individual among them magnifying his office, pouring forth light on his generation, and blessing mankind. Some will become discouraged in not meeting with success, — others will become vain from a show of attention, — and others again, through ignorance, will be ensnared in the wiles of the devil, and dishonor that holy office into which they have been introduced. It is as necessary for the ministry as the Church, that they should be properly trained and instructed before they are introduced in [into] the holy office." — p. 14.

The topic of these last extracts was a favorite one with the author, and we have reason to believe that what he said

and wrote upon it was not without effect. At any rate, we know that a strong desire has by some means been awakened among our brethren of the Christian Connexion to secure for those who are destined to the sacred office a better preparation than was deemed sufficient a few years ago. And on this fact we dwell with feelings of deep interest. It seems to us that nothing else has occurred in their history, which affords so good ground for high expectations as to their future rank and influence. We are encouraged, indeed, by thinking of their origin ; for it is traceable to that love of truth which is stronger than the force of error, to that spirit of freedom which breaks the fetters of injurious custom and throws off the weight of unjust oppression, to that sense of the rights of conscience which is quick to feel and powerful to resist all interference of ecclesiastical misrule, and to that sacred regard for the Divine will which allows no formulary of human device to stand between the individual mind and the record of God's revelations. We also find cause for gratifying anticipations in their subsequent growth, in the success that has attended their efforts to banish unworthy prejudices and improve faulty modes of action, and in their present numbers, entitling them to be classed among the largest sects of the land. Nor do we fail to draw a favorable augury from the amount of natural talent to be found amongst them, — equal, at least, to that of any other denomination not more numerous, — and especially from the piety, zeal, liberality, and devotedness by which they are, as they ever have been, distinguished. But, after all, what more than any thing else makes us hopeful of them for the future is, we repeat, the new interest they have manifested of late in behalf of a more thorough education on the part of their clergy. This has been their chief want. With some honorable exceptions, it is so still. They must supply it, if they would accomplish the ends for which, in other respects, they seem so admirably qualified. Instruction is required of the pulpit now which formerly was not expected from it, and the coming age will be yet more exacting. No sect may hereafter hope to hold a commanding station or to do much permanent good, without preachers possessed of profound and various erudition. God grant that the right views and feelings cherished by so many leading members of the denomination on this great subject may move the whole body to immediate and efficient action ! They owe it to their noble principles, to the

favorable position which Providence permits them to occupy, to the wants of the country, to the state of the times, to the claims of future generations, that they make ample provision for a learned as well as pious ministry. Let them do this, and a glorious destiny must be theirs. They now number, it is said, fifteen hundred churches, and as many preachers; and if to their pure and rational faith, their free and liberal spirit, their fervent and elevated piety, their self-denying, zealous, and ceaseless activity, they will but join the highest degree of intellectual culture, we can hardly imagine the limit that shall stop their increase, or the weight of good influence they may not exert.

S. B.

---

ART. VI. — PEABODY'S SERMONS ON CONSOLATION.\*

Books of consolation have increased among us of late years. An example was set by the "Offering of Sympathy," an excellent little book, which, though specially designed to meet cases of bereavement of one particular class, is applicable to all; which has carried the peace of God and the consolations of Christ to many afflicted hearts, and has never been superseded by any of its successors, but will always be welcomed in a new edition. This good example has been worthily followed. Several of those whose writings have ever been most acceptable among us have contributed of their best thoughts to this interesting department of religious literature. No one of these books could be spared. Each will naturally be most gratefully received by readers within the limits of the author's parochial walk, who will seem, in reading it, to hear the voice of their own shepherd; and each will have, in the general public, its own class of readers, whose wants it will be best fitted to meet.

Mr. Peabody's book will, we doubt not, fill as wide a sphere, and prove as useful, as any that have gone before it. It consists of twenty-two sermons, selected, as the Preface informs us, "from the author's common parish sermons, written with no view to future publication, at wide intervals

---

\* *Christian Consolations. Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 312.



of time, and many of them with reference to individual cases of affliction." Nearly all these discourses either directly present the great topics of Christian consolation, or treat of subjects which immediately suggest the comforts of our religion. Two or three of them appear to us to be but remotely, if at all, connected with the main purpose of the volume ; but if they do not aid, neither do they counteract, its general effect, and we cannot wish them away. The principal subjects of the volume are the great truths of the almighty and all-wise love that governs all events, the glorious hope of immortality, the wonderful facts of the Gospel history which constitute the rock foundation of Christian faith, the duties of patience and submission, and the true uses of adversity ; from which the most solid comfort must ever proceed.

We are disposed to ascribe to these discourses, considered merely as specimens of sermon-writing, a high degree of merit. They are not works of genius ; they do not rise to the loftiest eloquence, nor touch the borders of poetry ; there is nothing in them, for example, like that beautiful prose lyric of Greenwood, "*The Crown of Thorns*" ; but they are very complete specimens of what they were evidently designed to be, — useful and effective sermons. They appear to have been written with great care, or rather they show proof of being the production of a mind to which close thought, correct and forcible expression, and the exercise of sound judgment are habitual. Their tone is that of manly seriousness. They discover strong feeling, and deep sympathy, and a copious variety of apt and beautiful illustration drawn from the resources of a fertile imagination ; and there is also a total absence of every thing against which the charge of sentimentality could possibly be brought. Taken in connection with the fervor that characterizes the whole volume, we regard the perfectly healthy spirit that pervades it as a great excellence and charm. We notice, also, an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart in sorrow, a nice adaptation of instruction and consolation to various delicate shades of feeling, indicating deep reflection, and a wide experience in the consoling offices of the pastoral relation. The mourner, in seeking comfort from these pages, will feel confidence that he is conversing, not only with a sympathetic, but also with a wise and discriminating friend.

We sometimes meet with sermons, and very excellent

ones, which seem to have been prepared with little or no reference to those whom they are designed to affect. The preacher follows out his own train of thought and feeling, in his own way, taking no pains, apparently, to present it in such a point of view that it may catch the eye of one who does not occupy precisely the same position as himself. A sermon thus becomes a soliloquy, instead of an address. To those who chance to resemble, or to sympathize with, the author, it may be very interesting and profitable; the more so for this very peculiarity; and the fitness of the audience which such sermons find may, perhaps, compensate for its smallness. There are those who defend this style of sermonizing. They call it being perfectly true to one's self, which is certainly the first condition of putting forth all one's power. There are those, on the other hand, who condemn it, as a fault to be corrected, without considering whether correction be possible, or could be purchased except at too high a price; whether the fine and strongly individualized minds which are most likely to fall into this style could operate so effectually in any other way. We cannot, however, but regard it as an infelicity in a preacher. In a writer who sends out his books into the wide world, to find their way to those to whose condition he speaks, it may be a great excellence; but for a living speaker, who has before him a definite audience, consisting of various orders and conditions of mind and character, all looking to him for edification and instruction, it seems desirable that he should, if possible, adopt a different style of address. We have alluded to this description of sermons by way of contrast to those under review. They are remarkable for their directness. The preacher never loses sight of his audience. He proceeds as if the problem to be solved by every sermon was, to put the hearer in complete possession of the preacher's thought and sentiment, and as if he were determined that it should not be his fault if that result were not fully wrought out.

The only point at which we can imagine the doctrine of this volume to meet with dissent is in the importance attached to the facts of Christ's resurrection and ascension as proofs of immortality. In his sermon on the Resurrection, Mr. Peabody discusses, at considerable length, the arguments for a future life derived from the analogies of nature, and from what have been considered the phenomena of consciousness. These are the only conceivable sources of proof,

independently of revelation, that the case admits of. Human experience and observation are entirely out of the question. With regard to the value of the argument drawn by analogy from certain appearances of nature, we suppose the author's position cannot be successfully controverted.

"Analogy proves nothing. It is merely a similarity of relations or principles between beings or objects of different classes; and to reason from analogy is to infer resemblances of which we are ignorant from those which we know to exist. And this we can never do with certainty, seldom with a high degree of probability, especially when the objects about which we reason are of widely different classes; for there must always be some point where resemblance ceases and difference begins, and there is always room to suspect that this point may lie between the resemblance which we know and that which we infer." — p. 133.

Analogy has, indeed, important uses. It is the chief handmaid of discovery and invention. In the process of exploring new truth, its legitimate office is to propose plausible conjectures, to point out the track in which investigation will probably meet with success; but the truth, when found, is established, not by the analogy that conducted to it, but by experiment and proofs. In reasoning upon known truth, its province is to illustrate, to reconcile the reluctant mind to the reception, and help it to the apprehension, of what is strange and difficult. This is the only use that Paul makes of the analogy of the grain of wheat, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. He does not employ it as an argument, but having demonstrated, as he seems to think, the resurrection of man from the well-attested fact of the resurrection of Christ, he adduces this analogy merely to assist the slow apprehension of an objector who had raised difficulties about the manner in which the dead should rise. There are those in whom the imagination predominates over the reasoning and distinguishing faculty, who are fond of tracing out fanciful resemblances, and attach undue importance to them when observed, and even mistake them for proofs and arguments; but we suppose there can be but very few who will seriously say that on such analogies, exclusively, as the bursting of the butterfly from the chrysalis, the springing of the blade of wheat from the buried seed, the fresh and beautiful life of spring succeeding to the apparent death of winter, a faith in immortality can be founded, such as the soul earnestly desires, when it asks the anxious question, — If a man die, shall



he live again? These analogies belong to rhetoric, not to logic.

To speak of a "consciousness" of immortality is, undoubtedly, using language in a very loose way. But there may be a truth deserving of consideration in what is meant by those who talk thus vaguely. That meaning we suppose to be, that a deep experience of the true life of the Gospel brings within the range of clear and distinct consciousness spiritual powers and capacities which physiologically determine man to be an immortal being, in a manner somewhat similar to that by which the organization of an animal determines the element it is destined to breathe, the food by which it is to be nourished, and the mode of life it is designed to live. If this is what is meant, instead of saying that the soul is dimly conscious of immortality, it should be said, that it may become conscious of powers, from the existence of which its immortality may be inferred with a very high degree of probability. And this we take to be the strongest statement that the argument from this source admits of. Let us, for argument's sake, admit the truth of this statement in its fullest extent. How, then, would stand the fact with respect to the Christian revelation of immortality? Why, after a man has made great advancement in the Christian life, he will at length arrive at an assured faith that he shall live for ever; — such a faith will be the crowning grace of high attainments of religious character. Can this be so? Granted that a new source of faith will thus be opened to the soul, which shall strongly confirm all other proofs, or, if you will, which shall be vastly stronger than all others, nay, which shall transcend and supersede all others, still, can this be the only, or the original, mode in which the Gospel reveals immortality? To us it seems very evident that weak and sinful man needs this very faith at the beginning, as an essential means of helping him on to that exalted religious state at which he will find himself on this new and higher ground of assurance. The sensual, worldly, frivolous man, if he carry these signatures of his immortal being hidden in his bosom, is incapable of reading them. It is acknowledged that they are obscured and temporarily effaced by passion, selfishness, and impurity, and grow clear and bright in proportion to the goodness of the life. They are absent, therefore, at the very time when they are most wanted. In the state described, a man has no practical belief in a future life. He needs,



among other things, to have a vital faith in that truth brought home to his heart from a source out of himself, in order that he may be awakened to his first consciousness of spiritual life, that his hopes may be kindled and his fears alarmed, that he may understand his capacity and his worth, and all the responsibilities that lie upon him as an immortal being. This faith Christianity conveys to him by her authoritative teaching of immortality, founded on the word of Jesus, and on his resurrection and ascension. This is one of the most powerful means by which Christianity awakens and reclaims the sinner, and strengthens his first returning footsteps in the ways of holiness. And having conducted him to a high spiritual level, she does there reveal to him the intimations of immortality within his own soul of which we have spoken. We would be far from denying the existence of that source of evidence, though we would not attempt to form a precise estimate either of its absolute or relative value.

But who are they whom we find building their hope of immortality exclusively on this foundation? Are they generally those who have made the greatest progress in the religious life? We feel the delicacy of this point, and we hope to deal with it kindly, though frankly. We shall not, of course, be understood to assume as a general principle, that the truth of opinions is to be tested by the goodness of those who profess them; but in the present case, in which, by the very statement of it, strength of conviction ought to be proportioned to excellence of character, we have a right to inquire whether that proportion is commonly found. So far as our observation extends, — we say it, not unmindful of some of our most esteemed youthful friends, — they who are most disposed to rest their faith in the future life on what they call their intuitions are young persons, of warm and generous feelings, pure purposes, quick religious sensibility, rather exalted imaginations, in whom the virtue of self-reliance tends to excess, whose impulsive characters have not been trained by any very careful self-discipline or by the inevitable discipline of life, who have not sounded the depths of human suffering and sorrow, and dream not of the spiritual wants for which they may hereafter need consolation and supply, but suppose that the faith which has sufficed for the ideal life they have hitherto led will be enough for all the exigencies of the actual life upon which they are yet to enter. We speak of those who are truthful in the expression of their

opinion, not of those who echo it in tones of affectation and cant. They are interesting and amiable in character ; but we do not acknowledge their title to come to us as seers from the profoundest depths or the loftiest heights of spiritual experience, and oracularly announce to us what they have seen there. Those whom we might be willing to receive in that character bring to us a different relation. We have only to hope for our young friends, that they will keep themselves in such an open and teachable frame of mind in reference to this whole subject, that, if ever, by an unexpected experience, they should come to feel the need of a more tangible foundation of faith and hope, they may not be unwilling to accept it. Meanwhile, we are not ashamed to rest our own belief on the same foundation upon which such tried and proved spirits as Channing, Arnold, and Ware were content to place theirs.

But suppose we are told by one who relies exclusively on the intimations of immortality which he imagines himself to get from his own consciousness, that, according to the most accurate analysis of his own mental processes which he is able to make, this is the ground, and the sole ground, on which his faith actually rests ; that he derives from it an assurance that completely satisfies him, — an assurance that cannot be increased by an external revelation, or by the best attested case of an actual resurrection and ascension ; what reply can be made to him ? We would say, that, if such be indeed the fact, — if he have read his consciousness aright, — it is a fact beyond his control. It does not depend on his will upon what ground his assent shall be yielded. He cannot choose what arguments shall seem to him the strongest. We acknowledge, also, that, if there be such a thing as an intuition of immortality, it must produce a conviction that is incapable of accession from any other source. But we would ask him to consider, whether it was always thus with him ; whether he cannot carry his thoughts back to a period when the authoritative instruction of the Gospel and the facts of Christ's rising from the tomb and visible ascent to heaven had more weight with him than they now have ; whether he was not helped up by a faith proceeding from those sources to the exalted position he now occupies. If he have no such recollection, we would then ask him not to despise the external authority and historical facts of the Gospel, because he has risen so far above them ; nor to depreciate them in the eyes of others, because they have ceased to be valuable

to himself. The Gospel was not meant to meet his very peculiar state of mind alone. It is addressed to all states of mind and all conditions of character. It comes, not only to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Not only does it feed the spiritual life of the devout and holy, but it awakens to spiritual life the carnal and worldly. Not only is it a fit companion of the "sweet retired solitude" of heavenly contemplation, in her calmest and loftiest moods, but the guide and helper of the active and busy performers of the world's every-day work, in all its departments, high and low, whose attention is necessarily and strongly drawn to outward things, and who have little leisure or aptitude for searching into the deep things of their own spirits. Not only does it sanctify the enjoyment of our happy days, when the soul seems competent to its own support, but it is the only light and comfort in darkness and despondency, when the soul is made to feel its own insufficiency, and is thankful to be led to a rock that is higher than itself. Let us not, however, be understood as admitting that the proofs of a future life derived from external sources are peculiarly adapted to uncultivated and unreflecting minds. On the contrary, we believe them to have been adapted by infinite wisdom to a vast majority of human minds. We believe that it is only a very peculiar type of mind that is perfectly satisfied, or supposes itself so, by proofs exclusively derived from the soul itself. Whilst the authority and the historical facts of the Gospel have furnished the grounds of their faith to most men, the legitimacy and the weight of the proofs derived from them have been acknowledged by men of the acutest intellect and most exalted character.

In the preceding remarks, we have assigned a place among the proofs of the future life — we would have it understood to be a large and important place — to the intimations of immortality which occur in the experience of the Christian life. Our controversy with those who rely solely on those intimations is limited to the exclusiveness with which they urge their argument, and their propensity to decry other sources of proof. We would say a few words on what seems to us the extreme difficulty, in the case of one born and educated in a Christian land, of assuring himself, and still more verifying to another, that his faith in immortality is based on the internal argument alone. The doctrine of a future life is instilled into the infant mind with its first hymn and catechism. It beams



from every page upon the reader of the New Testament. It is recognized in all religious discourses and conversations. It is one of the very few universally admitted truths of our religion. The materials of which the argument from consciousness is constructed are states of mind and feeling, in their very nature variable and fluctuating, liable to be modified by the more or less spiritual frame of the soul, the peace of the conscience, the elation or depression of the animal spirits, the state of the bodily health. Is it possible that, in the reflex act of examining these exceedingly subtle objects of thought, and drawing inferences from them, the mind should be able consciously to free itself from all the authority of its whole religious culture? Would not the influences of that culture greatly fortify any deductions in harmony with it, that the mind might be disposed to draw? Would it not require an almost superhuman acuteness of analysis to eliminate the force of this one class of arguments from all the influences that have combined to form our belief, and say with perfect confidence, — This degree of assurance I should have had, though I had never heard of Jesus having uttered a word about another life, or having himself risen and ascended? We think that those who honestly make this assertion have misinterpreted their own consciousness. We cannot, indeed, directly prove to them that they have done so. But we think there is a strong presumption, which might make them pause, in the fact, that in the best and purest characters of heathen antiquity, who had attained a degree of moral and spiritual culture which, according to the views we have been examining, should have brought them into the region of clear belief, and whose powerful minds were directed with deep anxiety to the subject, we do not find any thing like the assurance of Christian faith. But on this point we prefer that Mr. Peabody should speak.

“Where, out of the pale of revealed religion, can you find an instance of firm, sufficient, satisfying faith in immortality, — of a faith strong enough to sustain the soul in its seasons of the severest need, and to give it triumph in death? I know not a single instance. The dying Socrates made the nearest approach to such a faith; but between a Christian death-scene and his there is a heaven-wide contrast. ‘I have strong hope,’ said he, ‘that I am now going to the company of good men; but on a matter encompassed with so much doubt it becomes us not to be too confident.’ What term of comparison is there between such a timid, hesitating hope, and the full, clear faith of the believer in Christ, whose



whole soul goes forth in the glad declaration, — 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that his disciple cannot die' ? The most striking characteristic of the Christian's death is the more than faith, the confidence that will not entertain a doubt, the almost unveiled vision of the life to come, that plays before the eyes just closing upon earthly scenes. I have spoken of the greatest and most revered of the ancient philosophers ; and often has his image come up before me in the chambers of penury, and by the death-bed of the lowly, and, except in the word of God, unlettered, and constrained me to say to myself, — 'Surely, the least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he.' " — pp. 135, 136.

The following extract also is pertinent to one of the points of our discussion.

"I shall go from the sanctuary to-day to the home of a widow bereft of her only son, faithful, kind, devoted, the staff of her age, her first grief in his behalf that which rends her heart when she knows that he is dead. With what words shall I comfort the forlorn mother ? Shall I babble to her of flowers and butterflies, and talk about the opening spring ? Or shall I enter into a metaphysical disquisition on the nature and laws of spirit, and attempt a labored proof of immortality, on grounds which her lacerated mind can neither apprehend nor follow ? Or shall I tell her to look within, in proud self-reliance, for her faith and her support, when her stricken and desolate spirit feels more than ever its neediness and its dependence, and craves the voice and the sustaining arm of the Almighty ? O, no ! I should seem a wanton mocker of her misery. But I can tell her of the widow of Nain, and who stopped the bier, — I can talk to her of the new tomb in Joseph's garden, and of the vision of angels on the resurrection morning ; and I know that my words will not seem to her as idle tales, but as the power and wisdom of God for her relief and consolation.

"Here let me remark, that, in these times of intense need, minds are to a great degree equalized. The strongest mind, undisciplined by faith, and inured to a godless self-dependence, then finds itself weak ; while the loftiest and richest intellect in the school of Christ stoops to look into the place where the Lord lay, and yields itself to the guidance of humble, childlike faith. At such seasons, we all crave assurances of immortality congenial with the passing scene, covering the same ground, woven (so to speak) of the same material. We demand to see actual instances of resurrection in a body like our own, — death visibly 'swallowed up of life.' I am delighted to find, as I write, the testimony of one of the truly great men of our times, recently deceased, to the adaptation of our Saviour's resurrection to his own moral na-

ture and necessities. I refer to the late Dr. Arnold, whom it would be hard to convict of weakness or superstition. Speaking of a death in his own family, he writes,—‘Nothing afforded us such comfort, when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death, the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness, as the thought that all these had been around our Lord himself, round him who died, and is now alive for ever more.’”— pp. 138–140.

It would be useless to multiply specimens of a book which we trust will be in the hands of most of our readers. We would, in conclusion, remind them, that a true book of Christian consolations, a book which aims to impart comfort upon the broad principles of Christian truth, possesses an interest, not only for those who are actually suffering affliction, but for all. The views and sentiments which must furnish support in sorrow, in order most effectually to perform their consoling ministry, should be deeply seated in the heart, and made habitual, before the day of trial comes; and submission under extraordinary calamity is the same in its nature with contentment and patience under the daily crosses of life.

C. P.

---

#### ART. VII. — POETRY AND IMAGINATION.\*

NEARLY all the volumes whose titles we have given below are the poetical productions, within a brief space, of our

---

\* 1. *The Estray: a Collection of Poems.* Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 144.

2. *Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 151.

3. *The Island Bride and other Poems.* By JAMES F. COLMAN. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 164.

4. *Poems.* By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 124.

5. *Poems of Many Moods.* By C. G. FENNER. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1846. 16mo. pp. 87.

6. *Poems.* By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1847. 16mo. pp. 249.

7. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Second Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 160.

8. *Songs of the Sea, with other Poems.* By EPES SARGENT. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 208.

9. *Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 251.

10. *The New Timon. A Romance of London.* First American, from the third London Edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 208.

American soil. In faithfully searching through their contents, that we might taste the quality of every particular growth in this wide harvest, we have stood sometimes wearied amidst the rich and cloying feast. But we give a warm welcome to these words of the poets, for we esteem highly their vocation. Poetry is second only to religion in its refining and elevating influence. Especially in a community like ours, where so many harsh and excited voices are sounding, we gladly hear the gentler accents of the bard. At a time when truth and conscience themselves are made not seldom to speak in a tone of severity borrowed from the passions, we are glad to have their own proper sweetness restored to them in the numbers of the Muse. And when we see the passions themselves, without being made in any sense the servants of goodness, so often taking the lead in human life, or a contentment in worldly aims and sensual satisfactions prevailing in utter indifference to high principles and spiritual pleasures, it is refreshing to listen to the lyre of the bard, and hope, that, as in old fable, things animate and inanimate will be drawn after it.

We do not sympathize with any strain of unqualified complaint as to the condition of things. Certainly this can be called no longer an unpoetic and merely utilitarian clime. Every unfavorable tendency in human life seems to beget its opposite. The more mechanical the age grows, the more spiritual it grows; the more money-making, the more it mines for the treasures of thought and knowledge. The more the useful arts are cultivated, the more the fine arts flourish. In fact, the soul of man cannot be contented with grovelling in the dust, and serving the purposes of this short existence alone, but recoils from the earth with most violence when materialism seems on the point of most firmly chaining it down, as the torrent of water in proportion to its force sends backward the reaction-wheel. As it were, out of the cleft in the rock, which the engineer lays open for his road, springs up the sculptor. From the encroachments of the noisy activity and base work of partisan politics, the finely attempered soul of the painter retires in disgust to draw his ideal scenes of beauty. And the sharp bargains and grasping avarice of the market-place drive the poetic spirit to set forth in the wondrous colors of language what is heroic and heavenly in character. On its page, at least, good affections and generous aims can appear and triumph.

Virtue can move there unstained. Vice there must submit to rebuke and disgrace. Every quality, mean or noble, receives its award in the trial of this silent court, as at a bar of judgment. And those good principles, which the stress of what is "evil in the world" may have warped, are in the reader's mind restored to their uprightness.

But we proceed, without further delay of general reflections, to pass in brief review the authors whose names and works have attracted our examination.

The purpose of Mr. Longfellow's "Estray" would seem to be to bring together such well-favored children of the Muse as he had found to be solitary wanderers from the way. And certainly they are put into a very pleasant *pound* in his choice volume, and delightfully introduced to us at the door by a happily conceived "Proem." We fear, however, that we may construe the title of his book too strictly, for there is many a piece in it which we have seen and enjoyed in a fair and lawful inclosure of its own. Perhaps the several owners may consider the seal of the collector's approval a remuneration for the seizure of their property. His good taste has at least known what to take to form a charming and matchless group.

Mr. Brooks has done the translator's work with the genius and artistic skill of the poet. We find in his volume, what we always expect from him, fine taste, graceful execution, a free command of the resources of the English tongue, a perfect appreciation of whatever is excellent and beautiful. May he live to execute as well the further translations so modestly hinted at in his Preface, and receive encouragement thereto by the wide circulation of his present work. The poet is free of all the nations of the world; and the German mind can give richness and expansion, if not sense and judgment, to the American.

We have read Mr. Colman's volume with much interest. The single poem, which occupies the larger space, is wrought with uncommon force. Thought and feeling, imagination and historical allusion, the workings of conscience and the yearnings of religious faith, are combined into a picture painted with no thin colors upon a glittering surface, but possessing the great qualities of the canvas, breadth and depth. There is no weak diffuseness or servile copying of other men's meanings in his lines, but every stroke of his pen is direct, and marks the page with the intensity of the writer's



own spiritual life. If he has borrowed any thing, it is not conception or imagery, but a little of the style of other poems, written in the same stanza, something of that subtle spirit which characterizes original creations, and is unconsciously imitated and reproduced. Our author may have caught something of the air and movement of earlier writers to introduce into his own melody, but his emotion, his fancy, and those fine analogies between sensible and spiritual things which make the charm and lustre of poetic language, are all his own. And though he certainly has not produced what may be called a great work, he has given us one which vindicates the true office of a poem, to refine and elevate, while pleasing, the mind. And the lesson in "The Island Bride," of what sin and error leave for repentance and suffering to do, ought to induce all to build for heaven on other than those dark and sliding foundations.

The poems of Mr. Read indicate a talent for versifying, and a poetic aspiration promising a more powerful performance to new exertions and longer practice. Light touches of sweetness and sentiment are scattered over them, but only a few pieces stir up the stronger emotions, or leave, after the reading, much on which the mind earnestly dwells. But it would be unjust to an author whose claim is so unostentatiously made, to apply especially to him the remark, often suggested to us in reading the effusions of the day, that a more confirmed basis of intellectual energy is needed to sustain even the airy products of the fancy. The crystals of genuine and abiding poetry must shoot upon a solid substratum of thought.

Mr. Fenner's little volume is, in its kind, of real merit. It consists of short pieces, each one of which is the expression of a thought or the sketch of a scene which must some time have had a living interest in his experience, and so has embalmed itself in his memory. His pen is for the most part light and graceful, though its stroke becomes in places deep and bold, as it is said Michel Angelo smoothly carving the statue would, in his earnestness, sometimes cut sharply into the marble. On the whole, his chief gift is for fine, delicate description. Some of the closing pages, apparently suggested by his own travels, show much skill for picturesque drawing. A religious purity and fervor characterize and ennoble his treatment of several themes. His little poems are like the slight, richly colored mosses from the deep. Alas that they must be laid as a chaplet upon his early grave!

In reading Mr. Story's poems, we seem to be borne without effort on a smooth and limpid stream. Words and fancies seem to come out from him as easily as breath. The pleasant continual flow of his distinguished father's noble mind appears to be still running through his ; and we admire the versatile activity which can link law, art, and poetry together, in "a threefold cord, not quickly broken!" His poetic current is, we think, almost too undisturbed and even ; and as we gaze upon its manifold issues, we find ourselves wishing that all the jets of the fountain could sometimes be gathered together, and sent up in one unbroken column. There are instances, indeed, of energy as well as beauty in these pages ; but for the most part the writer's feeling glides off from the level of his mind, like the noiseless overflowings of a quiet spring, and does not irresistibly rise heavenward, as when the imprisoned waters are released from the earth's heart. We would have our friend restrain a little the wonderful productiveness of his mind, and distil his musings in a stronger alembic of thought, such as we doubt not he can well command, — for vigorous expressions, here and there forcing their way up from the closed centre of the soul, prove it. These poems are pure and generous in their tone. They are born of an affectionate and sympathizing spirit.

The poems of Mr. Channing are plainly sincere utterances of his own mind. They have no borrowed look. They do not wear the "coat of many colors" of commonplace metaphor. The author has an eye of his own, and has seen the things which he describes, without giving us simple copies of the old masters. He has a genuine love of nature, — though not equally in all her moods. He has sympathy for man also ; but this, too, not all-comprehending. His genius, while calm and self-subsisting, is a little saturnine and unsocial. Yet not a capricious fancy alone guides his pen, but not seldom fancy's nobler parent, imagination. We cannot but feel that his book has the great merit of being true to his own mind. His words and phrases have nothing of the wearisome and disgusting quality that belongs to the endless repetitions of conventional forms of language. If the frame of his style were filled out with a larger humanity and a more expansive philosophy than we can trace in these pieces, he might take high rank among the poets of the day. It is only a remark that we may make upon these in common with many other

poetical writings, that we miss too much in them the grander order of religious sentiments and ideas which we have been taught to entertain, and find a poor substitute for them in the portraiture of fantastic thoughts and self-pleasing idiosyncrasies. We do not wish to see the poet figured in his own mirror, but only so much of life and nature as the breadth of that mirror will contain. When one asked to see a famous divine, "You cannot see *him*," was the reply, "he is behind his Master." So let the poet choose a great and worthy subject, and be content to disappear behind it. We want not what he can tell us about himself, but, if he has aught to say about the world, we will gladly listen. Let what is subjective in him be used only to make the object he presents distinct and transparent, his heart not having its emotions laid bare, but infused as an informing power into every thing he touches. A certain disinterestedness is the summit and soul of true genius, as it is the life and crown of good character.

Mr. Sargent's volume of songs and poems possesses no ordinary merit. He not only has good conceptions, but they are wrought out with an uncommonly free, strong hand. To use a phrase appropriated to musical performers, his power of execution is great. The rhythm of his verse takes the mind up and with easy vigor bears it onward, "as a steed its rider," at the same time giving it the fine glow of healthful exercise. The inward thought and outward object are rightly balanced to exhibit the true poetic fancy. He strikes the just medium of expression, avoiding alike the superficial and the obscure. His pen changes with great flexibility through different styles; his description is picturesque; his sentiment often dignified, and sometimes noble, as in the piece called "Adelaide's Triumph." The general cast of his writings is not such as to task the attention and make the grandest stroke on the imagination, but is rather suited to refresh and please the mind, or nerve it, in its sad or weary hour, for new exertions. And this is no slight or poor office of the Muse.

We come now to by far the most original and peculiar of these volumes, the poems by Mr. Emerson. To his genius, considered in its peculiarity, we bow. We own the spell which, more powerfully perhaps than any other American writer, he has thrown over our fancy. We know of nothing in the whole range of modern writers superior in original merit to his productions. He is "of imagination all compact."



To read his finer pieces is to our poetic feeling like receiving a succession of electric shocks ; and each additional line in them, communicating subtilely with all the rest, multiplies the force of this ideal battery. He is so frugal of language, as to let no phrase stand which is not charged with meaning. His merit, however, is not uniform. He is sometimes trivial in his themes, but never weak or wordy in their treatment. He is occasionally vague and mystical, but the brilliant distinctness usual in his thoughts and illustrations we take for proof that all his sentences refer to something real in his own mind. His best strokes cut below the superficial impressions made upon us by ordinary writers, and chisel themselves in the memory ; while the softest musical rhythm is often so connected with the sharply arranged parsimony of his words, that passages repeat themselves in our involuntary recollection, as in the mysteriously sounding chambers of the spirit we hear over and over again the tunes of some great master. We are always glad to confess our obligation for intellectual helps, and we have to thank Mr. Emerson for the strong flashes of wit and sense, clad in bright imagery, with which he has often waked our minds from slumber. His discernment is as keen as his invention is fruitful. No man has a finer eye than he to trace those secret lines of correspondence which run through and bind together all parts of this lower frame of things. And even when we have been in the very spot in the realms of thought where he pitches his tent, he will detect some hidden analogy, and surprise us with a new observation. We know of no compositions that surpass his in their characteristic excellence. Even his unshaped fragments are not bits of glass, but of diamond, and have always the true poetic lustre, an inward gleam like that playing amid the layers of a sea-shell. Some of his conceptions are turned into as admirable expression as we find in Milton's sonnets or Shakespeare's songs.

We have thus praised this writer, and, as some may think, over-praised him, in the sincerity of our hearts. Our reference has, we find, unconsciously included his prose as well as his poetry. But they are both of a piece, and bear alike the stamp of their author's intellectual unity. The same affluent and over-mastering imagination, the same grasp of all the powers of language, the same faithful report from sight and experience, prevail throughout all his productions. But our criticism must find fault with the same frankness with



which it bestows eulogy, and will be for that but the more prized by our friend's magnanimous spirit. He has, we think, more height than breadth. He shoots up like the pinnacle of an *aiguille* mountain into the atmosphere of the great poets, but he lacks altogether their various richness and comprehensive proportions. He is dry and cold in the comparison. The productive fields do not so spread out below the frosty cone of inaccessible sublimity which towers above. There is more of a hard, steel-like glitter than of the hue of life in his landscape. He is, in fact, rather the poet of a class than of the race. The circle of his sympathies is narrow. His intense admiration of a few forms of life and character threatens to banish the broad spirit of humanity. With all his nobleness and purity of sentiment, in the ascendancy of his fancy he can hardly restrain himself from pouring contempt on most of his kind. In view of vague possibilities of achievement, he unworthily disparages actual genius and character. The heart in his poetry is less than the head, and this causes a deficiency for which nothing else can fully atone. Only a transcendent splendor and wealth of intellect could redeem many of his pieces from condemnation and forgetfulness, as being frigid and unfeeling. These are sad flaws in such noble workmanship. Did a fellow-feeling for human nature in all its varieties equal and fill out his other traits, we might think the great poet of America had been born, to bring on our flourishing Augustan age. But, as yet, our hearts acknowledge a more genial and enlivening influence from several of our other native bards. Would that one whom we unfeignedly respect might not only show his power of soaring to the empyrean, but hover with a more wide and loving interest over the lot of his fellow-men! It may be for want of this all-embracing sympathy that his flights are so infrequent, and that he can but seldom continue long on the wing. If he could but kindle his soul with some great conception of human fortunes, and write a generous epic of this our human life, including its great trials and accomplishments, its sublimer aspirations and hopes, we hazard little in predicting that it would be a production to mark the age.

And yet we hardly know how he could have the kind of human sympathy which we most value for the inspiration of such an undertaking, with his present views of religion. There is no recognition in his pages of the Christian faith,

according to any, however catholic, idea of it which we are able to form. He seems to have no preference of Jesus over any other great and good man. He either does not accept the evidences authenticating a divine revelation, or they press with but little interest upon his preoccupied mind. But what we must regard as his religious unsoundness strikes still deeper. He does not even appear to own any distinction between man and Deity. He talks of "the gods" as an old Roman would do. One personal Creator is not present to his thought. He does not go for the signs of such a Being into the broad circumference of his works, but confines himself within the little rim of his own individual consciousness. He puts aside Bible and ritual, and all human speech and outward light, for the "supersolar beam." In religion he fills the whole space of thought with that mystic element, which we must perhaps admit, but should confine in a corner. He does not, with a plain trust, examine the world which God has made, but curiously inspects the inverted image of it upon his own mental retina. He does not pay to the instincts of mankind or of society the respect he would render to the peculiar instincts of the animal, the bee or the beaver. And not taking cordially to his heart the Christian doctrines of a Father and a particular Providence, how can he strongly embrace the dependent doctrine of human brotherhood, or feel the unlimited sympathy which this doctrine inspires? We speak here, of course, of his system. We doubt not the kindness of his actual relations with men. We believe a hearty historical faith in Christianity would add greatly to the power of his genius. The views we have alluded to so underlie and run through his writings, as almost to amount to the proposal of a new religious faith,—a presumption which of course astounds us, simple believers in the New Testament on what we deem irrefragable grounds. His ideas carry him wide of the humility of the Gospel, — though they give rise in his own mind not so much to personal pride as to an immense self-respect and an enormous self-reliance. He is willing to trust to or lean upon nothing but himself; — a wonderful state of feeling, when we consider our real condition of dependence in all our powers, — our bodies resting on the attractions of material nature, every vital organ in us doing its part involuntarily, and only a single silvery thread branching into various filaments of the nerves of motion being held by our own will, — our intelligence but

the shadowy reflex of Divine wisdom, like the light from distant worlds in the focus of the astronomer's telescope, — and even our moral nature roused not by an internal force of conscience alone, but quickened and kept alive so greatly by instruction and example. We are made to lean, and are stronger when we lean; and, if we do not lean, we fall. Our poet is dragged by his philosophy to a lower, or at least less commanding, height than, with a better understanding on this point, he might well attain.

We ought, however, to say, that the noblest principles of conduct are often asserted in his pages. We rejoice to find instances of a truly grand morality, and surpassing expressions of a pure and beautiful spirit; but are suddenly perplexed, as we proceed, by an optimism confounding all moral distinctions. He seems, in some places, to know no difference between light and darkness, sweet and bitter. Some revelations, hinted at in one of these poems, respecting a moral indifference in all things, are represented as made by "Uriel," and as causing the older deities, who had been in the secret, to blush. Alphonso of Castile, who is said to have thought he could improve upon the world as described in the Ptolemaic system, makes a bold figure, as the *protégé* of our author's pen, entering in heaven's court a general and unqualified complaint about all things under the sun.

There is an undertone of sadness running through these rhymes, sometimes harsh and scornful, and sometimes tender and refined, like angelic melancholy. We fancy this, too, may proceed from the peculiarity of the writer's belief. Seldom do we hear from him the truly cheerful strain which an earnest faith in Christianity would prompt. In that marvellously beautiful "Threnody," near the close of the book, the sorrow at the commencement is out of all proportion to the comfort at the end. It is the song of a stricken and struggling stoicism. The note falls irresistibly into the minor key. The very voice of consolation dies away in a wail. Alas! it is a poor application here made to the heart's wounds. They still bleed into the very ointment and balm. Every stroke of genius seems but to sharpen the regret. We remember in all our reading nothing more cheerless. It is a picture we would not hang in our heart's chambers. Every touch of the pencil draws a tear. As a painting of grief it is unrivalled, — but it is of grief alone. His hand proves false to him, when he undertakes to draw the form of the

angel of peace. But that the soul of the poet might be deaf to our entreaty, we would implore him to turn his eye to those fountains of comfort which God has opened in the Gospel of his Son. For nothing can be more manly than an humble reliance on the means of revival and support, in our distress, which our Father has provided. Let him in lowliness receive these, and then, for the "Threnody," and the "Dirge" which precedes it, we should hope to receive lines as highly adorned with the lights of a creative fancy, but gilded from above also by the beams of heaven. There would at least be nothing in them of the "grief whose balsam never grew."

But we must pause. The analysis of Mr. Emerson's writings is no short or easy task. We would not pretend to oversee his summit, but only to note our impressions as we stand and contemplate it. His works, on account of their peculiarity, if nothing else, will probably be among the most enduring of the present time. There is much in them to admire and be improved by. And while we must think there is much also that is unsound and must be injurious to any mind imbibing it, we intend no personal commendation in expressing our conviction that he is a true-minded and righteous man, raised above every thing unworthy, and living a blameless life according to the monitions of his own conscience. Our calling is not to speak of the man, but of the author. We think the intellectual states and tendencies which we have noted chill and cripple his genius. He would make better poetry under the sway of views and opinions which he rejects or holds slightly. Were we writing with a different design, we might state other reasons for our regret at some of the sentiments which he expresses. We have now only to say, that they have injured his book, and must restrict the width and impair the quality of its influence. Would he fetch an echo from the universal heart, as it beats in the breasts of men from generation to generation, he must add to his style a faith and fervor as signal as its brilliancy and force.

We must retire from our survey of these fruits of Mr. Emerson's labors. And as we retire, the traits we have objected to fade away from our attention, and many a melodious note from "Each in All," "The Problem," "The Humble-Bee," "Monadnoc," and "The Forerunners," lingers and renews itself pleasantly in our ear.



But having been constrained in our criticism of Mr. Emerson's volume to suggest radical objections as well as to confess strong admiration, we feel it to be right that we should here try to characterize very briefly his mind. Poetry with him is no recreation or trial of skill, but the sincerity and very substance of his soul ; it shows not the passing figures of a magic-lantern, but the convictions and views of life for which he would be a martyr. What, then, is the mind that we see on his page ? It is a mind subtile, brilliant, rapid, and decisive. It is a mind in which intuition takes the place of logic, and an insatiable aspiration banishes every form of philosophy. The lightning of his genius reveals the landscape of his thought, and the darkness quickly swallows it up again, till another flash reveals more or less of it. It is a mind scorning forms, conventions, and institutions, and, if it could have its way, would substitute for all this stable platform of law and custom on which we live and work the extemporaneous impulses of the spirit. It is a mind that despises all that has been done, and regards the highest and most inspired utterances of men as but " syllables " dropping carelessly from the tongue ; and holds in slight esteem achievements to which even itself is not equal, except in the dreamily anticipated efforts of some distant time and unknown world to come. It sees an ideal which makes it condemn all that is actual. It draws upon the well of its own conceptions, and deems that single draught will suffice though it pass by all other fountains. It aims at a lonely, insulated being, shut up to what may come to it from the general life of the universe, and prizes all foreign helps from its fellows only in proportion to their accordance with its independent results. It weighs and oversees, in its own notion, all characters of intellect and virtue that ever were, and Jesus Christ as confidently as the rest. As we might expect, the consequence of these tendencies is much narrowness, a very partial and unfair estimate of other and differing minds, great injustice in many respects to existing arrangements and instrumentalities, and a continual rising above the useful agencies of life into an atmosphere too rarefied to support any organization less singular than his. But let us more gladly observe, in addition to these things, moral courage, fearless candor, freedom from vanity and from many false leanings, if he has not reached all that are true.

The most important effect of the intellectual habits which

he indulges is seen in the aspect of his religious faith. We have barely touched on this in remarking upon the quality of his poems. We feel, however, that perfect truth to our own persuasions requires us to take here distinct notice of this point. Of the primary religious sentiment of the soul, that of reverence, we perceive, especially in his last publication which we have reviewed, but the faintest traces. The personal God of the Gospel, as well as the supernatural manifestation of that God in Christ, is in exile from all his pages. We have already alluded in another connection to this singularity. We recur to it that we may do justice to his positive faith, by noticing the substitute for an Almighty Parent which he finds in an impersonal universal essence, identical with his own spirit and with the common life of nature and of man. There is no print of kneeling on any ground he traverses, save to this vague and undefinable power. We must think his idea a poor basis for any just or truly elevated worship. We know he may think that he exalts the Deity by pantheistically making all things deity. But we affirm that he so degrades the Deity, and not only weakens the religious sentiment, but saps the foundations of good morals, though no devoted friend of his could appreciate more highly than we his personal integrity and purity of heart. So imaginative, so passionless, and so beautiful a frame of spirit as his could be left with moral safety under the influence of views which the virtue of the millions of men could not abide for an hour. If his mind were popular, we should fear that the tenor of his writings would lead multitudes away from God, and set them adrift upon the stream of their own undisciplined inclinations. We admire, nay, we will confess, in spite of all we have said, love the man, but all the more we feel it to be necessary to set up a bar against the operation of many of his sentiments upon our own minds. We wish him the largest success in all that he has done to refine and elevate the community, but we are obliged by a sense of duty to put in a protest against the soundness of much that is implied in his various publications. And may God, for him and us all, bless the truth and prosper the right!

"The New Timon" is a work of great power, and is moulded expressly upon the Christian ideal of human life and duty. It presents a broad conception, a far-reaching aim, and a bold onward movement, that carries forward the reader's interest to the close. In large scope and vigor of intel-

lectual execution, it must take precedence of all the works upon which we have remarked. There is in it no diseased introversion, but an absorption in the theme, and a powerful dramatic working out of the issues of character, with a natural, unpretending infusion of moral sentiment from the writer's own mind, that may give a good lesson to the falsely subjective and sickly conscious poets of the day. Its imaginative splendor is but the clothing of robust sense and keen observation. It is the most fresh and striking work of late English publication ; and its strong style is a wholesome protest against the feeble sentimentality and slender ornaments of the whole Tennyson school. Indeed, though disposed to a generous appreciation of our own poets, we must confess that the powerful hand of this last writer puts into unfavorable contrast most of the poetry we have reviewed, as it rises in one general impression upon our mind. A certain weakness of manner and smallness of topic mark the majority of the poets of our day, whether in America or England. Many of their productions are born of a diseased fancy, occupied with things of merely personal and private interest, instead of being engrossed in themes of general concern. We want more of the "poet's eye glancing *from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*," and less survey of his own poor individuality. He should indeed be reflective, but on large matters, whose contemplation will open his soul to spontaneous issues of the springs of thought and feeling. These will meet and refresh all other spirits. The story of his limited interests and partial affections, however pleasing to a few friends, can be of no moment to others ; as a portrait is a precious thing to a man's relatives, but does not attract the public regard. The true poet is the man whose enlarging sympathies have overflowed the narrow barriers of self-esteem and vanity, and whose imagination is inspired with the love of God and his fellow-creatures.

We consider it not unsuited to the objects of this journal, before closing our subject, to make some remarks on the nature and legitimate exercise of the great poetic faculty, — the imagination. Imagination is the power which raises us above the direct impressions of matter. The animal is confined to the momentary picture of surrounding objects ; but man fashions that picture into a thousand emblems of spiritual things. Imagination is, in this work, *the mediator between*

*the senses and the soul.* It is the enlivener of what is embalmed in the memory, and makes us exist again in the past. It is the forerunner of hope, and enables us to antedate the future. It turns the lowliest human breast into a gallery of speaking figures of monition or delight. It is, in fine, the pioneer or complement of human reason, and the finisher of her work. Reason traces the fundamental connections of things ; imagination admires the life and beauty that clothe the skeleton of the world. Reason follows the chain of cause and effect, till she reaches the first Cause of all ; but imagination ascribes to that Cause all the tokens of power and wisdom which she has gathered in her flight through the universe. Reason concludes that God is good ; but imagination clusters around Him all the treasures of excellence which she has collected from the most distant quarters. Reason, on grounds of natural argument or testimonies of revelation, infers the reality of a future existence ; but imagination fills that existence with manifold sources of happiness, and lines its anticipated course with the types of endless progress. Indeed, it would seem as though God, having made man for two worlds, endowed him at the outset with a faculty which might counteract any excessive tendency to the present and visible, by foreshadowing a future state. And so imagination is again the ally of faith. Imagination is intended, moreover, to be the companion of duty. Any course of conduct proposed is first by this power held up as a picture within us, and it is often only after a view of many relations and details that the conscience can pronounce as to the right or wrong of a particular act, as, in the same way, a legal tribunal judges of an overt act in the past. The imagination is meant also to be an awakener of the benevolent sympathies. It paints the condition of the needy and afflicted, and was no doubt designed by God to draw us away from that seclusion amidst selfish luxuries which hardens the heart, and to engage us in the various deeds of humanity. Its representations of the lot of our kind send out over land and sea our Christian charity.

Such is the legitimate exercise of this faculty. But no faculty in us is more liable to perversion. It may hover over base as well as holy scenes, and be made the pander of guilt as well as the minister of virtue. The imagination of the bad man broods over his wicked designs, as that of the good man foreshows his fidelity. Hence arises a grave and practical question respecting the culture and discipline of



the imagination. If we mistake not, moral character in these times, particularly with the young, is undermined more through a corrupted imagination than in any other way. One mode in which this takes place we feel bound to specify. Fictitious writings, containing representations only less vile than licentious prints, and working with a more subtle poison upon the soul, are scattered broadcast through the community. And even in works claiming respectability, some of the most highly-wrought displays of romantic genius are but the efflorescence of a sensual fancy. Scenes, with whose actual occurrence it would not be thought fit that a young person should for a moment be conversant, or even pass in their neighbourhood, those of either sex may be permitted freely to mingle in, if they stain only the pages of a book. What has but attained to the dignity of publication, it is supposed, may have undisputed entrance into the heart. Would, indeed, that the invention of printing were more esteemed a sacred gift of God, as it is, and the press were used as a holy power to give free course only to virtue and truth, as it ought ! But it is time to raise a cry of alarm concerning it, and to declare that its never-flagging stream has come to be the regular channel of falsehood and pollution also. No slight proportion of its common freight we should refuse to harbour, and keep it, like the plague, in everlasting quarantine. There can be little doubt that the stimulants now used to stir up base imaginations in the heart often do a worse mischief than even the intoxicating drinks which inflame and enervate the body.

We wish not to consider at any length here that literature whose true aims and characteristics have been treated lately by another hand in this journal. We will only say further, that we have no inclination to be harsh towards those enjoyments which come through the imagination, and no wish to put all fictions under the ban of reprobation. But the very best of them should never be the staple of any one's reading. To relieve a languid hour, or raise up the mind from the exhaustion caused by severe labors, it may be religiously lawful to escape awhile from the routine of real life into the pleasant fields of romance, and mingle with the ideal group moving there, and make a part of the train, if we find ourselves in good company. But bad company we should no more keep in a book than in the street. We should eschew even its imaginary presentment, unless the evil is overcome by good ;

while there are kinds of iniquity upon which the thoughts should not dwell, — no, not for a moment. The imaginative tendency is not, indeed, to be repressed. Transcendent in some, it exists in all men, and was meant to be developed. But let it be cultivated by nobler means and higher studies. The ever open volume of nature presents inexhaustible symbols of beauty and richness and sublimity to delight and exalt it. The pure creations of art will fill it with a pleasure that leaves no defilement or spot behind. The disclosures of science will expand it to its utmost capacity, to comprehend the glory and vastness of God's works. How the descriptions of the various orders of being with which the great Maker has peopled the earth, and of the connections and analogies which the human frame has with all nature and life throughout the inferior creation, might develop it! How the heightening conceptions of that marvellous grandeur which the astronomer's discoveries lay open in the spaces above would instruct and uplift it! How, especially, the great works of the masters of poetic composition, by their severe and lofty charms tasking the mind and rebuking the light and debasing literature of the day, would strengthen and refine it!

The Muse has been, indeed, insulted by indecent strains, but poetry, as a whole, is purer than prose fiction; its ethereal quality appeals more to the genuine imagination, exercises higher faculties of the mind, cherishes the gentler affections, and awakens oftener the moral powers. Even the sensual poet has more redeeming passages than the sensual romancer, as though he felt he was degrading his vocation, and glimpses of the essential beauty to which his art is akin were, with a silent rebuke, breaking in upon him; while the great leaders in the poetic choir, with a thousand faithful followers in their track, down even to the troop of feeble and unpractised learners of song, have poured out a tide of wholesome influences to fortify all human virtue on earth, at the same time that they make real to the soul the intimations of a purer state in heaven. "Away, away," said Richter, on hearing some rich, entrancing melody; "thou tellest me of that which in all my life I have never found nor shall find." We do not, indeed, find an embodiment of all that the harp of the bard suggests on earth, but this should only lead us to conclude that we shall find it above. And thus true poetry is a sign of immortality. It points upward for the perfection of its utterance and the fulfilment of its delight.

But of the great quickener of the imagination of man we have still to speak, — we mean the Bible. We have already referred in a general sense to imagination as the ally of faith. But we believe that what God offers to our faith in the sacred volume has a power to redeem the imagination from its perversions and to purge all its operations. In the Bible we find that this faculty has a vast range. The sacred writers do not, with prosaic preciseness, declare certain things as revealed and there let them stand. They spend much of their force in clothing the substance of their disclosures with a holy beauty, and in making our imagination auxiliary to the reception of their doctrines. Indeed, this power alone could enable us to *lay hold* of eternal life. Heaven must be infinitely exalted above earth, and a too literal copy and transfer of earthly things into our idea of the upper world must degrade the subject. Accordingly, the complaint has been made against some religionists, who have given minute descriptions of higher scenes, after the likeness of present relations and temporary events, that, though they made a heavenly earth, they made an earthly heaven. But the imagination that gilds all in the Scriptures of truth is subjected to no poor and servile fancies. It quickens our conceptions, but does not confine them in any narrow mould. On the contrary, it leaves unlimited room for them to expand in, without any prospect of fully grasping heavenly things before our own actual experience of them. This peculiarity distinguishes especially the revelations of the New Testament. What a combined attractiveness and uncomprehended grandeur especially marks the language of our Lord! He speaks of heavenly and future things as familiarly as of those earthly and present. But remote indeed are his sublime statements from all those petty delineations which would meet the quest of a low curiosity! There is nothing in his words to gratify human vanity, or to be perverted by a fanatical ambition. And yet how elevating to human hope, how stimulating to the imagination, yea, how clear and deeply engraved on the heart's tables, those brief lines of his utterance, — making no vague or mystical impression where they touch, and yet diverging and running off into the regions of immortality to take in spaces of glory and blessedness, where, save by faith, we cannot yet follow! Blessed teachings! which sanctify and lift up the imagination of man, and direct it in the search only of what is holy and divine. When, for ex-

ample, we hear him speak of the Father's house of many mansions, and of the place he goes to prepare for his disciples, what a throng of remembrances of innocent happiness, of filial and fraternal offices, from the morning of life, rises up to gild the dawn of our immortal being! Every thing that may have been evil and unfaithful in earthly experience is eliminated from the household predicted by those pure lips! All warm affections and spiritual enjoyments, that we have felt or thought to be possible, meet in those apartments whose door he goes to open; while the narrow partition-walls of the little separate homes of this world appear to break and dissolve away, as the treasures of individual worth, which they have guarded by the limitations of personal feeling, flow into that great meeting of the spirits of the just made perfect, where all particular affections are preserved amid the expanse of unbounded love! Or when, again, our Lord says, there shall be no marrying or giving in marriage there, but all shall be as the angels of God, while he strikes away conceptions that dim the glory of that abode, and gives a pure idea, he does not quiet the imagination, but only stirs it up to higher efforts. He gives the canvas and the design, but leaves the picture still to be drawn. And in that simple sentence, which we pause over in wonder and delight, about the angels of little children always beholding the face of the Father, what a perfect, yet enlivening, spell is laid upon the mind by *this* bright yet shadowy outline, — the only kind of outline of heaven which our earthly thought could discern; — the innocent and young, who have been translated from this world, forming the innermost ring of the circle, cheered by the direct light of God's countenance, and fostered by the arm of his nearest protection! Verily, the death of the spotless is not here invested with the unconsoling splendor of genius, but is transfigured in the glory of spiritual vision. Death, in the light of all our Lord's instructions, is a crownless king, deposed and disrobed of his terrors.

We have illustrated the Christian guidance of man's imagination. And in what bold contrast does the unguided or pagan imagination stand to the Christian! What other pictures of heaven and immortality, whether classic, Mahometan, or Hindoo, can compare with those of the Gospel? How gross and degrading, rather than exalting, they generally are! There are some of them with which we would not consent to stain our page, even for the sake of setting off



the matchless superiority of the Scripture representations. We will only thank God for delivering this faculty of the imagination, especially liable as it is to wander, and so needing guidance, from the monstrous fables that had usurped the place of truth, and for substituting, in the place of their cruel and terrifying lordship, the kindly sway of his truth. When human fancy, disowning the helps it has derived from the written word, has departed on the independent enterprise of fashioning its own futurity, it has not succeeded in building for itself so fair and goodly an abode as the simplest ignorant believer can construct out of the promises of his Saviour; while the mists of doubt into which that fancy plunges, and the sandy foundations on which it rears its edifice, occasion an anxious uncertainty that must toss the mind to and fro continually.

But in the Scriptures the imagination is not drawn only in this single direction towards the future world. The sublime descriptions in the Old Testament range through the whole space of human thought and observation. Whether it be history or psalm, prophecy or dramatic story, upon which we open, we find our conceptions put to the stretch at the same time that our moral sense is quickened; while, in several of the books, there is an array of the images of beauty and sublimity more splendid and overwhelming than can be found elsewhere in human works. We are so accustomed to look at the Bible in its main purpose, as it bears upon particular questions of duty, that we overlook its power to educate the whole mind. It is the most large and generous, as well as the most solemn and authoritative, of teachers. Verily, it is no dull or narrow text-book, containing a few dry moral lessons, and to be superseded by the writings of these times. But it comprises the most powerful appeals ever made to all the faculties of the human soul. Its holy figures stand as sentinels at the door of the heart, to keep out all impurity. The coloring of its scenes holds as the earth endures. A hundred generations have not been able to exhaust its lessons, to drain the sources of its instruction, or dry up the fountains of its consolation. It is indeed an old book, and the fashion of many bygone days is stamped upon it. But it has survived a succession of immense libraries of uncounted volumes. They have been burned; but, though *it* too has been cast into the fire, no flame has been hot enough to consume it. They have mouldered away or been moth-

eaten ; but its leaves, made incorruptible by their eternal meaning, have defied all the forces of assault and decay. The survey of this noblest monument of the past will give dignity and refinement to our thoughts, as well as inspire good purposes in our hearts. We mistake the method of intellectual improvement, when we prefer the glittering fancies of the day to the inextinguishable lustre of its time-hallowed inscriptions. Let the poet go to it for his inspiration. Let him drink of the fountain which streams from beneath the rock of ages, so that his work may be instinct with life and purity. It is only by baptizing his thoughts in "Siloa's brook," that he can hope they, like it, will flow down, bearing health, for the coming centuries, to the children of men.

C. A. B.

---

ART. VIII. — CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE ACCOUNTS  
OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

THE so-called Transfiguration may be regarded either as the grand symbolical representation of the divine glory and heavenly relations of Christ, in which light it is typical of much that is most solemn and awful in our religion, and suited to affect deeply the devotional heart, or as part of the Gospel history liable to the examination and questionings to which all history, from the very nature of the evidence on which it depends, is subject. In some remarks that will now be made on it in this latter view, the writer, although complying with custom in the use of the plural number, is not to be understood as expressing the opinions of the conductors of this journal, nor of the body of its supporters. He proposes only, with that freedom which belongs to the individual in all such inquiries, to offer a few observations, in great part justified by other more learned investigators, on a subject which admits of several opinions, and which has hitherto for the most part not been made the subject of close scrutiny, but been left as a splendid picture on the very horizon of the general faith. We are glad to think that it will remain there, whatever may be the results of our critical inquiries. There, perhaps, it was meant to remain, in spite of

inquiry. For its religious use, it is not a thing to be inquired into, but to be felt. There is a religious imagination certainly, as well as a religious judgment; and the influences of heaven fall upon the heart through the former as well as through the latter.

Neander, in his "Life of Jesus,"\* well remarks, that we can receive the Transfiguration, as a part of the Gospel, "in two senses;—as something objective, as a communication from the world of spirits, or as a more subjective psychological phenomenon." We would inquire which is the more probable or natural sense.

All knowledge of this great scene must have originally proceeded from Peter, James, or John, and the accounts which stand in the New Testament must consequently be derived, and not immediate. Through how many hands derived, the examination of the text affords us no means of determining; while the argument from the probabilities in the case remains always very loose; and that drawn from the evidence in general of the composition of the Gospels is too large a subject for us to enter on at this time, and by no means admits of that easy solution which is generally given to it. Leaving that out of the discussion, as the nature of this question fully allows us to do, we propose to consider what conclusions we may arrive at from examinations of the text alone. This will not show us how near the authors of our accounts stood to the original narrator; but it may afford us a ground of judgment as to their relative nearness, and, in consequence, their relative authenticity, and may exhibit some data from which we may form a probable conclusion as to the shape and character of the first testimony from which they are derived.

The accounts in Matthew and Luke differ in such a manner as plainly to mark them as independent; and they are yet so similar, that we cannot doubt they were both derived originally from the testimony of the same Apostle. That is, each has such peculiarities, and differs from the other in such

---

\* *Leben Jesu*, Hamburg, 1845, p. 489. We see that a translation of this work has been advertised by Mr. Clark, the respectable publisher of Edinburgh. We hope it will not be long delayed. The book is one of the most valuable productions of modern theological literature, and forms, in the judgment of many, the best answer to Strauss which has yet appeared. In its criticism, it exhibits the ground which must be occupied by devout and well-instructed believers from this time forward.

a way, that it is very unreasonable to suppose either written from a knowledge of the other; and, on the other hand, there is not such a degree nor such a kind of difference as would necessarily have resulted, if one of the three Apostles had been the authority for the one, and another the authority for the other. They are independent; but they must be traced back to the same first source. Which of the three this first source was must remain matter of conjecture. It is plausible to suppose, when we consider what had transpired immediately before, that it was Peter, since he seemed peculiarly prepared at that time to be the subject of such a vision. But the prominence of Peter in the dialogue, and the report of words which he spoke, "not knowing what he spake," may perhaps point more probably to one of the others. However that may be, it is not so material to inquire after the author as after the character of that first testimony.

We beg our readers now to compare the texts which are the subject of our comment, and, if possible, in the original. They are Matthew xvii. 1-9, and Luke ix. 28-36. Mark is but a repetition of Matthew. There is, in the first place, a difference in the general impression left by these two reports. One conveys the impression of a scenic miracle, and in all the parts inclines to a corresponding marvellousness; the other, when read by itself, leaves on the mind the feeling that the occurrence was natural, and that its supernatural splendor was only the outshining of a spiritual light. Matthew omits all mention of the fact, that the purpose for which Jesus went into the mountain was "to pray," and seems to suppose, certainly would leave on the reader the impression, that his object was to exhibit to the Apostles the heavenly scene about to be related. The change of his appearance, therefore, being mentioned abruptly and unconnectedly, has all the character of a magic transfiguration. But Luke, by relating the purpose of Christ's retirement, unravels what would otherwise be a mystery; and by informing us that it was "*while* he was praying" that the wonderful change took place, intimates that in that state of prayer the radiance of his outward person found its cause. The first Evangelist, knowing nothing of this, describes the change as a "transfiguration," μεταμορφώθη, which even Matthew Henry translates, "a metamorphosis"; while the other Evangelist speaks only of a change in "the fashion of his countenance," τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου.



But there is a still more important difference as to the state of mind of the beholding Apostles. In the former of the reports we hear nothing of what is a very significant feature in the latter, that the three attendants were "heavy with sleep," *βεβαρημένοι ὑπνῳ*,\* out of which state they had not wholly roused themselves when "the two men" departed.

The slumbering state of the Apostles irresistibly leads one, who is not convinced of the *a priori* probability of such a miracle as this is supposed by Orthodox expositors to be, to seek an inward cause for the vision. This is found in the exciting influence upon them of the conjuncture of affairs at that time, — in their dim anticipation of the terrible "exit" at Jerusalem, — in their awe before the Saviour, whose supernatural glory they were day by day growing to form a just estimate of, — and in the images with which Christ's recent conversations, as well as his prayers with them here in the mountain, had filled their minds. Though they were weighed down by sleep, they did not lose their Master from their thoughts, and his extramundane relations were only the more vivid to them when their senses were closed to present things. Was the world that was then open to them less the theatre of revelation than that around them? Could not God communicate

---

\* We cannot, with Mr. Furness ("Jesus and his Biographers," p. 319), find in this that "they were sunk into a deep sleep." The phrase seems to answer perfectly to the "*gravati somno*" of the Latin, and signifies, we imagine, a heaviness of the senses, the slumbering that precedes the perfect sleep. Chrysostom (Homil. LVII., sup. Matthæum) interprets this ὑπνός as the effect only of the terribleness of the vision and the dazzling light. But this is unquestionably wrong. It is not uncommon for this splendid orator, in the torrent of his practical eloquence, to be led into an untenable interpretation. The words of Peter, "It is good for us to be here," he explains as spoken by him with reference to the security of the mountain as a hiding-place from the Jews. But surely that prudential motive would not have entered into the Apostle's mind, but he would, if any thing, have proposed to Christ rather a public declaration of himself and an overthrowing of his enemies with the aid of those heavenly assistants. Such a proposal would have been in character. And it would have been agreeable to the universal expectation among the Jews that Moses and Elias should prepare the way for the Messiah. The true interpretation of the *καλὸν ἐστὶν ἡμᾶς ὧδε εἶναι* lies much nearer at hand. The beauty of the place, the glory and sweetness of the vision, the delectableness of that holy company, move him to exclaim, as he is awaking, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and to propose immediately the building of three of those booths (*σκήνας*), constructed of bark and boughs of trees, which he had often probably assisted in putting together for the convenience of his Master, when he retired into the mountains for solitude, and of which he imagined now three to be necessary for the accommodation of the two prophets as well as of Jesus.

to them his truth in vision, as he communicated it to the prophets of the elder time ?

But we may ask how the observers and reporters of this fact, if outward fact it was, *knew* that the two men were Moses and Elias. Our readers do not, we presume, believe in an inspiration by which the knowledge of present facts was supernaturally imparted. But unless we take refuge in such a theory, we must believe either that Jesus informed them, or that they observed it, or that they inferred it. But of the first there is no mention in Scripture, and when we consider it, it appears improbable. The second implies that they knew the persons of Moses and Elias, or had some means of identifying their persons, in their beatified state, or that the prophets appeared with the symbols by which they were generally known, — neither of which can be supposed. We are reduced, then, to the third explanation, that the disciples *inferred* that the two men were Moses and Elias, either from their bearing or from overhearing the conversation. But this inference is not a sufficient ground for us. The actual descent of these beatified persons to the earth seems to us not in harmony with the scheme of the Evangelical revelation ; and the evidence, if evidence we will call it, on which we are invited to receive this interpretation, does little to make up for its want of probability.

But it is not from extrinsic considerations that we form our opinion, so much as from the reading of the texts themselves. The difference between Matthew and Luke is such as to lead us to find unhesitatingly in the latter the more original narrative. And taking that narrative alone, the *natural* interpretation forces itself on us, even against our will. In Matthew the persons of the prophets suddenly vanish ; but in Luke they are spoken of as withdrawing (*ἐν τῇ διαχωρίζεσθαι αὐτοῖς*) and as being concealed by a cloud. The phrase used by Campbell to express the meaning of the thirty-fourth verse is entirely correct, — “ The disciples feared when *those men* [Moses and Elias] entered the cloud.” Now this entering of the persons beheld by them into a cloud does not imply an ascent into the sky. On a mountain-side one may often enter into a cloud, either by ascending or by descending from one level to another. In the first Evangelist, the cloud is said to have been a bright cloud ; but of this we learn nothing in Luke. In both narratives, however, the figures disappear as the disciples awake. This circumstance, then, being taken with the

rest, we are at liberty to suppose, without transgressing the canons of Scripture criticism, and without undervaluing the narratives for the religious purposes for which they were designed, that the Lawgiver and the Prophet were seen only in mental vision.

We do not deny that it is a higher religious state which receives the account without scruple ; and the same mind which makes this criticism may in another of its moods surrender itself to that typical representation of the Saviour's glory. All *things* are likewise but fleeting visions before the eye of the highest religion. They are interesting only for what lies behind them. In the mountain, Christ is the essential glory. To see him as he is is the greatest of all visions for the Apostles. Whether that happen outwardly or inwardly is comparatively of little moment.

We can imagine how the vision would be related, and, being related, we can imagine how it would be received. In the report of it by others, there is little improbability that it should have taken the two shapes in which we have it. As Peter, if it was he, at some distance of time, spoke of it openly, the imagination of each auditor would modify and adorn the fact, and the circumstances might easily become more supernatural in another's mouth. We recognize in Matthew a report more altered from the original form.

But however the matter may stand between these first Evangelists, there is another very strong point, and that is the entire silence of the fourth. If any scene was suited to be reported by the Apostle John, if any incident answered the purposes of his Gospel, it was this ; for nothing showed forth so splendidly and majestically the heavenly relations and office of Christ. But he drops no hint of it. The attempt to account for his silence, on the ground that he feared the Transfiguration might be used to support Docetic doctrines, is unsatisfactory. For in that case he would rather have related it in such a manner as to prevent that abuse, and his silence would have been the most dangerous thing of all. There must have been some other reason why he did not introduce any notice of it. And we can find no sufficient reason but that the Transfiguration was not to him an actual occurrence. He knew the narrative that was current. He was aware of the truth which it typified. And it was not to his purpose to contradict it. But if it had been an outward miracle, at the prodigious display of which he had been present, he would have done more than not contradict it.

It may perhaps occur to some to adduce evidence from the Second Epistle of Peter (i. 16). But the genuineness of that Epistle has not, we apprehend, been sufficiently established.

Since our argument would generally be considered in this neighbourhood as bordering on what is called "Rationalism," we are glad to fortify ourselves with the authority of Neander, whose Orthodoxy goes considerably beyond that of the mass of our readers, and whose childlike reverence is not in the least impaired by his extensive learning, nor his freedom found inconsistent with the most genuine modesty. Setting aside the supernatural interpretation, not as impossible, but as the less probable, he gives his own view as follows : —

"Jesus withdrew, with his three most confidential disciples, at evening, into the mountain, that they might be witnesses of his prayer. This prayer related, we may suppose, to a subject on which he had that day conversed much with his disciples, — the near developments in the kingdom of God, and the trials awaiting him at Jerusalem, which were to contribute so much thereto. Such a prayer made a deep impression on their minds. The glory in which he at that moment exhibited himself to them seemed to irradiate his whole existence, and their Master stood before them in a supernatural splendor. As they, fatigued with the exertions of the day, fell into sleep, the impression of that prayer, and of the Saviour's conversations, reflected itself to them in a vision. Moses and Elias appeared to them in heavenly brightness, in company with him who was the end of the law and the prophets, from whom a glorifying light was to beam back upon the Old Testament ; and they announced to him the fate which awaited him at Jerusalem. In the midst of this they awoke, and in a half-conscious state saw and heard the rest. If we regard the transaction thus, what is remarkable in it is, the impression which intercourse with Jesus had unconsciously left on them, — the contest between their previous conceptions and the new ideas which he awakened within them, — the after-effect of his recent conversations even in their unconscious states."

Now the natural interpretation not only explains best the appearances of the record, but it is consonant with what seems to be the law of the Divine communications, that they are addressed to the soul rather than to the senses, and must find in the soul certain conditions of their reception. But an outward splendor, and a scene called up after the manner of magic, may terrify and awe a man who has no sympathy with



the truth, as much as a man who is richly furnished with all the capacity for receiving it. It is forceful in its magnificence and rude in its display. We get out of the sphere and miss the naturalness of the Evangelical miracles. But the natural explanation leads us to Christ, as the one source out of which the vision flowed. We are recalled to that incarnate Word who is the source, and deep and overflowing well, of all splendor and greatness in the new dispensation.

But what now is the mythical interpretation, and what is meant by a myth, so far as our present subject illustrates it? A myth, according to the understanding of the word by those who apply it to the Gospel narratives, is not a *fiction*; for it is not, like fiction, supposed to be devised with a knowledge of its falsity, nor delivered to others for the purposes of deception; nor is it a *fable*, which enforces ideas under a professedly fictitious dress; nor is it, again, an *allegory*, because, besides the above reasons, which are equally applicable to this case, in an allegory the symbolic narrative and the ideal sense are not so conjoined as to be inseparable, but can stand each by itself, while in a myth the two are so married together that they are like body and soul, the one residing in the other; nor, finally, is it another more nearly related thing, a *legend*, for by that name is described a tradition in which a fact or facts are distorted and exaggerated, emptied of their original natural meaning, and made the vehicle of new ideas of a supernatural cast; but the *myth* is a traditionary narrative, in which (there being no original fact) an idea has unconsciously "deposited itself" in the form of history, and taken the character and gained the credit of fact. In the legend we seek for the fact. In the myth there is no fact, and we seek for the idea. Both are delivered down in good faith, and they often run into one another, and legends are often made legends by the mythical elements that enter into their composition. But for the sake of precision they must be so distinguished. Thus, the labors of Hercules are legendary; but the tale of Prometheus is a myth. The stories in the book of Judges, say the writers of whom we speak, are legends; but the Garden of Eden is a myth.

The great religious ideas which possess a people are supposed to throw back upon its early history, as a magic-lantern on a dark wall, images of themselves in the shape of facts, in which, by a necessity in the very ideas, a faith springs up, and, so long as the ideas last, perpetuates itself. But it

is only at a certain stage of development that the genius of a people thus operates ; and at a subsequent period such mythical creations would be impossible. The Christian era is supposed to have been such an epoch ; and this style of conception is in consequence applied to the New Testament. The Transfiguration, as well as the rest, has to receive the light of this philosophy. It is not explained as an allegory. It is not explained as a fiction. It is not supposed to have been consciously invented ; nor to have been delivered to those that came after as any other than a most solemn vehicle of truth, and as in itself actual. But no construction will persuade the mythist so to receive it. The supernatural understanding of it is rejected as impossible, and the natural with equal disrespect ; and it is explained as having arisen out of the Jewish idea of the Messianic character. The mythic theory is not always thus thorough. In some cases, it recognizes in the impression made by Jesus the true foundation of the narrative. But this is a case in which Jesus had nothing to do with laying the foundation. It was all laid before he came. Such a thing, thought the Christians, *must* have happened ; for thus and thus was the Messiah foretold in the Old Testament, and such and such are the glories with which he should be invested. And so a belief in such a thing, and this account of that thing, arose.

It is, indeed, strange that Strauss, whom we respect as a very candid writer, was not willing to adopt the explanation which Luke seems so strongly to invite, but, notwithstanding all that points that way, must bring in his omnipotent and omnipresent *mythus*, to dispel from our picture not only all fact, but also all actual basis for the idea. It seems astonishing, that, even when his theory permitted it, he would not find that basis rather in Christ himself than in the previously prevailing idea. But so it is. The idea itself was not derived from Jesus, but was imposed upon him. Prophetic dream is the foundation and sum and substance of the whole story. We are far from calling this absurd, as some writers have done ; there is to us a consistent sense, and an ingenious sense, in it ; and we may allow that such an origin of such a story is possible. But is it probable ?

In one respect, unless we are wrong, Strauss has made a just and important criticism. Matthew relates, as immediately subsequent to the Transfiguration, that the disciples asked Jesus, " Why, then, say the scribes that Elias must first come ? "

and that Jesus answered, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things ; but I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." "Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." And they were undoubtedly right in so supposing. Now, if the presence of Elias in the mount had been an actual one, Jesus could not thus have answered. He would have referred, not to the appearance of John the Baptist, but to this appearance of the prophet himself, as the fulfilment of that expectation. At least, he would have made some allusion to what had just transpired. The common explanations here we cannot find at all satisfactory. If, on the other hand, some may be inclined to maintain (what is perhaps true) that Matthew has misplaced this conversation, and to get rid of the objection by supposing the conversation to have taken place *before* the Transfiguration, it will still in that case be unaccountable (on the commonly received hypothesis of Christ's prophetic knowledge) that he should refer to John the Baptist as the fulfilment of the prophecy, rather than to that magnificent actual proper appearance of the prophet which he knew would soon take place.

But while we concede so much to this writer, we cannot but regard his explanation at large as violently improbable. His ingenious citations from the Old Testament and from the Rabbinical writers may go so far as to show why the imagination of the disciples gave this particular shape to the vision ; but they are wholly insufficient to account for the invention of the scene out of nothing. They leave us, as before, there in the mountain with Jesus and the three on that specified night, to find in his presence and his person, in the newly passed developments and the impending catastrophe, the actual basis and cause of this important spiritual phenomenon.

Of the cure of the lunatic which follows, we have in Matthew, Mark, and Luke three wholly independent narratives. In other cases there may be doubt. This admits of none. We remark also that in this, as in similar instances, while in the other parts the variations abound, the words of Christ are preserved by each in the same form. Hence we learn to trust in the faithfulness of the report of his words by all the Evangelists. In other respects we find that they exercise a certain natural freedom ; but here they are restrained by awe, and make scrupulousness a point of religion.

A difficulty in this account is generally found to lie in the severity of the rebuke : — “ O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you ? how long shall I suffer you ? ” — which seems not to find its justification merely in the inability of the disciples to work the cure, and which they manifest no sense of having received, when they ask their Master afterward, — “ Why could we not cast him out ? ” Whether we look into Matthew (xvii. 14) or into Luke (ix. 37), we are equally troubled with this difficulty ; but when we compare with them Mark (ix. 14) we find this to be one of the rare cases in which that Gospel clears up the obscurities of the other two ; for we learn there that the excited throng, which met Jesus on his way down from the mountain, was composed in part of “ scribes,” and that he addressed those captious enemies with the words, “ What question ye with them ? ” \* It was undoubtedly to these men, lowering there in the hope that the Master would fail, equally with the disciples, in attempting the cure, that he said, — “ O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you ? how long shall I suffer you ? ” and then turned to the afflicted father with the words, — “ Bring him hither to me.”

These two scenes, Christ with the prophets and Christ with the lunatic, are associated together not only in the narrative, but in the master-work of the master-painter, the “ Transfiguration ” of Raphael. And they must always remain associated together, as exhibiting in different parts of the same picture our Lord’s human heart and his divine glory.

We have proceeded in our criticism, we hope, without irreverence ; and we have endeavoured to do so without an improper fear. We believe that the Scripture does not shrink from investigation, that it claims our respect without

---

\* Both the reading and the interpretation of verse 16 have been found difficult. Griesbach, Lachmann, Rosenmüller, Fritzsche, all reject τοὺς γραμματεῖς, “ the scribes,” from the text, and substitute αὐτοὺς ; while De Wette questions the propriety of that emendation. Regarding it, however, as established, “ And he asked *them*,” the question is then, Who are meant ? Mill and Rosenmüller think the disciples ; Griesbach, Paulus, Kuinoel, think the scribes and disciples. And then all these read in the next phrase πρὸς αὐτοὺς, that is, ἐαυτοὺς, “ What question ye *among yourselves* ? ” which reading is given in the margin of our received version. But this reading is disapproved by Fritzsche, and by Lachmann, the latest authority, who bring back in the latter clause the old reading πρὸς αὐτοὺς “ with *them*,” and also interpret the persons addressed to be the scribes alone. De Wette remains undecided.



demanding our tenderness. Neither do we imagine, with some, that it is dying of old age, but find in it a strength like that of Samson, which will make itself felt by those who think they have bound it.

We lately heard the "hermeneutic art" termed an instrument of Satan. If it is so, he will certainly get the better of Orthodoxy; for Orthodoxy has no weapon hard enough to break it. But we do not believe that Satan is so well armed. We think, that, if he has this sword, it is because the faithful have thrown it down. They ought not to throw it down. The servants of the Church surely, and not its enemies, should have the credit of the just exposition of its own records.

Nothing can be more admirable than the consistency of that Orthodoxy which stakes its salvation on every word of the canonical record, and cuts off every question with "Thus reads the text." But there are not many now who can take that position with a sober face. The day has gone by for it. Whether by Satan, or by some better angel, the Almighty is sweeping that verbal orthodoxy from amongst us. Unless we are mistaken, another era has come; and in this era, as in those which have preceded it, our faith must be consistent with all we know and every thing we discover, or it is worthless. Men are always thoroughly in earnest, when they do any thing which is to have any validity in the Divine providence. So if we are to investigate the Scriptures with reference to their authenticity, which these days call in question, it must be heartily and indefatigably. We must pursue our investigations, not to find how much we can defend of what our fathers thought, but with an honest curiosity, and a clear confidence in Him who created, and has preserved the tradition of, the facts, — to discover, not what is advantageous, but what is true. In doing this, we may lay aside all scruples. And if it be the work of the Devil, we think he will be caught in the snare he has laid for others. G. F. S.

## ART. IX. — POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

## I. NATURE'S GOD.

THE power that chained the restless deep,  
And bade the stars their courses keep,  
Opes too the flowerets of the spring,  
Sustains the insect's tiny wing,  
And fills the woods with warbling.

It rustles in the summer breeze ;  
Roars in the gale that sweeps the seas,  
Dashing the billows into foam ;  
Glares from the red volcano's dome ;  
And lights the happy hearth of home.

All nature's charms and terrors prove  
Unbounded power controlled by love ;  
And while their ceaseless round they run,  
Their thousand voices join in one,  
To show His handiwork, whom none  
Can comprehend, or see, or shun.

But man, exalted o'er the rest  
Of nature, manifests Him best,  
Made in His image, to pursue  
The good, the beautiful, the true,  
With immortality in view ;

And not to live a wretched thrall,  
At appetite's and passion's call,  
But keep his soul as in God's sight,  
A mirror shining in heaven's light,  
Where heaven is seen reflected bright.

E. W.

## II. THE WIDOW.

A GREATER tribute than the temple's height,  
Its solid walls and sounding minstrelsy,  
And all that there the senses vain delight,  
Is that lone widow's worship, Lord, to thee.  
In her ill-furnished chamber there alone  
She opes the book that Thou hast given to all,  
And on her knees before thy gracious throne  
For light and strength in this her need doth call.

And she shall find them ; what the boasting pride  
Of minster-service promised her in vain ; —  
Though late she seeks, she shall not be denied ;  
She through thy Son eternal life shall gain !  
When crowds forsake, Thou, Father, still art near ;  
And dost delight the lonely one to hear. v.

---

### III. WHY SHOULD WE CALL THEM BACK ?

Why should we call them back  
Before whose sight the world of shadows lies ?  
Why should they turn to life's forsaken track  
The light of their calm spiritual eyes ?

Can they be ours again ?  
The melodies of heaven around them float.  
Why call them back to hear earth's broken strain,  
Yearning for ever for that loftier note ?

The bitterness of death  
To them is past, — the fear is all gone by ;  
Calm as a sleeping child's the softened breath :  
Call them not back ; — it ceases, and they die.

Die ? No ; the Son of God,  
When at his feet the faithful Mary wept,  
Told her that they who in his footsteps trod  
Should never die. Say only, they have slept.

How calm on earth their rest !  
How sweet in heaven their waking ! Angel friends  
Welcome their coming, and each spirit blest  
Before the throne of Love eternal bends.

Oh, were our faith as clear  
As his who first for Christ his life laid down,  
To open heaven and see the Saviour near,  
Could we recall them ere they reach their crown ?

Yet stay, beloved ones ! —  
Not for your sakes, but ours, thus nature cries ; —  
A little while forbear your promised thrones,  
Till ye have strengthened us, like you to rise !

S. G. B.

## ART. X.—MORELL'S HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

THIS is the first attempt, of an elaborate, connected, and comprehensive nature, to make English readers acquainted with the recent changes and existing state of speculative philosophy. The interesting and valuable Dissertations of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh are almost silent on the new movement given to German thought by the writings of Kant and his successors, and also on the remarkable reaction in favor of Spiritualism, which has been effected by the French Eclectics in our own day. Tennemann's Manual has been translated, it is true, which brings down the general history of philosophy to a later date; but the expositions given in that work are too brief and technical to be of much service to beginners. Until now, therefore, the great body of the reading public in England and this country have had to depend on reviews, and fragmentary notices and criticisms, for what they know of the course which French and German speculation has taken for the last fifty years.

This is to be regretted on many accounts. Under the best of circumstances, it is not easy to form a just estimate of a philosophy known to us through an epitome only. The spirit and genius of the system, if nothing else, are almost sure to evaporate in the process of epitomizing it, however fairly and skilfully done. In this case, the difficulty has also been aggravated by the fact, that the successive systems have not been studied in their historical connections. It has not been seen how one system led to another, how each new fundamental problem grew out of an attempt to solve the preceding; yet without this, it is hardly possible to understand the problem itself, or put one's self in a right point of view to pronounce on the merits of the solution. Not a little of the strangeness, and apparent incongruity or unintelligibleness, of German metaphysics is to be accounted for in this way. It is not a difficulty of words merely, as some seem to imagine. We are not familiar with the conceptions for which the words stand; we have had no occasion to clear up or define these conceptions, as we have not pushed inquiry to the ex-

---

\* *An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century.* By J. D. MORELL, A. M. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1846. pp. 500 and 536.



tent of feeling the needs to which they relate, and which the systems, so much complained of, are intended to supply.

Another evil resulting from the partial and disconnected views in which the systems of the Continental philosophers have been studied by English readers is, that they have given effect to the false colorings and misrepresentations of prejudice. For the most part, these views have proceeded from persons who were moved to write on so unwelcome a subject by an overmastering admiration of the systems they describe, or by an equally overmastering repugnance to them; neither of which, as all will agree, is the best possible pledge or preparation for strict and entire fidelity. Their leading purpose has been, not to show how much there is of truth, and how much of error, in the system under examination, but to convince the public that the system, as a whole, ought to be entertained, or that it ought to be rejected and repelled. Accordingly, they speak like retained advocates; but the analogy of a fair trial ceases here; for the case is often given to the jury after a hearing on one side only, and almost always without any thing like an impartial summing up and charge by the judge.

Many of these pretended delineations of the systems of modern philosophers resemble the caricatures of Unitarianism which its enemies put forth from time to time to frighten away timid inquirers. If Unitarians, therefore, smarting themselves under this wrong, betray a willingness to commit the same against others, or to be in any way accessory to it, it argues, we must think, to use the gentlest term, a double inconsistency. And when to misrepresentation is added the conceit of superiority, or a laudation of dulness in these matters, with appeals to the popular ignorance and jealousy on this subject, the offence becomes of a graver character, — so much so, that we are tempted to insert in this connection a characteristic remonstrance of Coleridge, as being just at bottom, though expressed with amusing and unnecessary warmth. “The most hateful form of self-conceit is the callous form, when it boasts and swells up on the score of its own ignorance, as implying exemption from a folly. ‘We profess not to understand’; — ‘We are so unhappy as to be quite in the dark as to the meaning of this writer’; — ‘All this may be very fine, but we are not ashamed to confess that to us it is quite unintelligible’: — then quote a passage without the context, and appeal to the *public*, whether they understand it or not! —

Wretches ! Such books were not written for your public. If it be a work on inward religion, appeal to the inwardly religious, and ask them ! If it be of true love, and its anguish, and its yearnings, appeal to the true lover ! What have the public to do with this ? ” \*

The work before us is not liable to any of these objections. Without being a very learned or a very profound philosopher, or even a practised writer, Mr. Morell has undertaken a difficult task, and executed it satisfactorily and well. He seems to have been a careful student of most of the important books which come under his examination ; he has also availed himself, very properly and with due acknowledgments, of the best foreign critical aids, particularly Michelet and Damiron ; and though we cannot concur in all his conclusions, we are bound to say that the candid and generous spirit of his criticisms never fails. One distinction, at least, all must accord to him. By discarding, as far as may be, the technicalities of the different systems, and bringing every topic as much as possible under what may be termed the English point of view, he has made his history not only intelligible, but interesting and agreeable, even to general readers. The only danger is, that such readers, having run over these easy pages, and become familiar with the external history of the systems there described, and with a smattering of their contents, will be deceived into the belief that they know much more about them than they really do.

The method adopted by Mr. Morell is simple and obvious. Having defined philosophy, and the four distinct forms it has assumed, Sensationalism, Idealism, Skepticism, and Mysticism, he proceeds to indicate the state in which each was found at the commencement of the nineteenth century. This fills a little more than half of the first volume. The rest of the first volume, and the whole of the second, are taken up by a more detailed account of the fortunes of each of these forms of philosophy in England, in France, and in Germany, from that time to the present ; together with some notices of their respective tendencies in science, legislation, and religion, and a separate chapter on French Eclecticism, to which the author evidently inclines. A few selections on topics of general interest will not only be of value in themselves, but afford the reader the best means of making up an opinion as to the merits of the whole work.

---

\* *Literary Remains*, I., 359.

Of the present state of philosophy in England he thus speaks : —

“Scotland, true to its principle of ‘common sense,’ has insisted on the validity of those ideas which appear to be the natural product of the human reason, and resisted every attempt to resolve them into sensational elements ; and Germany, boldly grappling with the deepest questions of ontology, has drawn a broad distinction between the phenomenal world, as viewed by the senses, and the real world, as comprehended by the intellect. In both cases, there is a direct appeal made to the authority of reason, and an equal determination not to remain shut up within the boundaries of sense.

“England, with the clear-headed practical wisdom for which it stands preëminent, has been gazing, from time to time, upon the results of both these schools, and has been considering what there is in each that is likely to prove unsound, and what that can be safely adopted. It has entered with earnestness into the philosophy of Reid, and appropriated its results without copying its too often tedious dialectical dulness ; while, on the other hand, it has been lately approaching the borders of the German spiritualism, and showing a disposition to sift the wheat out of the large mass of chaff which that voluminous school presents.” — Vol. II., p. 184.

Afterwards, he refers more particularly to the state of things at the University of Cambridge.

“For above two centuries past, the University of Cambridge has given indications of a sympathy with metaphysical speculation, which, though sometimes almost disappearing, has ever and anon made its reappearance, as circumstances have called it forth. During the seventeenth century, the Platonic divines, to whom we have before referred, excited a spirit of philosophical inquiry, which must be reckoned among the most remarkable literary manifestations of the age. Locke, though himself one of the ornaments of Oxford, yet after his death was far more zealously studied and admired at Cambridge than in his own University, and it was there first that a school of metaphysics was formed which owned him expressly as its authority and its guide. Dr. Law, one of the greatest advocates of the Lockian sensationalism, was a resident at Cambridge, and Dr. Hartley, the originator of the modern school of association, was a student at the same University.

“The earlier philosophical school of Cambridge was idealistic ; the later was decidedly sensational. Perhaps the brilliant discoveries of Newton in physical science may have tended to absorb all purely metaphysical investigation, or, where it did not

absorb, to divert it into a more objective channel. But notwithstanding the ardor with which physical science long has been, and still is, studied at Cambridge, we are mistaken if the dawn of a new philosophical spirit is not even now manifesting itself within the walls of that University. Many are the intimations which are given there from time to time of a sympathy with the German idealism ; many the attempts to revert from the wonders of nature to the deeper wonders of the spirit of man ; many the intimations, that, amidst all the blessings conveyed by the extension of physical science, yet ' there are fields of grander discovery ; that, though Nature's works be great, we are greater than all these ; that what we can least do without is not our highest need ; that man cannot live by bread alone.'\*

"The new intellectual spirit, now rising in the University of Cambridge, may be perhaps most clearly seen in the reform of its moral philosophy. Paley, who stood almost alone for a long space of years as *the moral philosopher* of Cambridge, was clearly of the empirical school, and accordingly advocated, with some peculiarities of his own, the sensational theory of ethics, that which grounds all virtue upon utility. The reaction against this school has now most decidedly set in. Very plain intimations of it appeared as far back as the year 1834, when Professor Sedgwick published his admirable Discourse on the Studies of the University, and attacked the philosophy of Locke and of Paley, both in their principles and in their effects. — Vol. II., pp. 192 – 194.

Again he says : —

"But, in addition even to this, there are some few writers, chiefly those imbued with German philosophy, who have begun to make powerful use of the argument derived from our *fundamental conceptions*. This method of proof certainly appears, to those unaccustomed to abstract thinking, somewhat obscure and inconclusive ; but it has the merit of becoming more forcible, the more it is inwardly realized ; and we much doubt whether the tone of metaphysical thinking in our own country will not, ere long, render an appeal to these conceptions the most powerful, as also the most popular, proof of the foundation-principles of natural theology. Such it has long become among the German divines ; such, we believe, it will become everywhere else, when minds are no longer so sensualized, that its cogency is obscured and its moral strength invalidated. As we can imagine an angel in heaven to believe in God from its own deep intuition of his existence, so will men attain a similar intuitive persuasion in propor-

---

\* *Vide* Professor Lushington's Inaugural Lecture at Glasgow.



tion as they raise themselves above the material to the spiritual and the divine.

"But it is not merely upon the grounds of natural religion that idealism exerts its influence; we may trace its tendencies with equal clearness in the effects which it produces upon the varied phases of the religious life actually existing among different sections of the Christian Church. It is a fact universally allowed, that there has been a great increase of spiritual vigor infused during the last ten years into the English Church. The cold, dry, lifeless formality, so common twenty or thirty years ago, has been broken in upon by some living, operating religious ideas. Whether those ideas are right or wrong, in a theological point of view, is another question, — still, there they are, touching the deeper springs of human nature, and rousing hundreds at the present moment to thought and emotion. Whence, then, have these movements originated? Not from the people, — not from direct Christian effort, — nothing of the kind; they have originated in a few minds, deeply imbued with an ancient, and, it may be, a mystical philosophy. These minds have revolted from a round of cold and stiff morality; they have abjured sensationalism in metaphysics and in ethics; they have scattered their idealism, clothed in different garbs, on every side; and, as a consequence of this, they have roused the minds of thousands to a new religious life. True, it may be a religious life that combines much mysticism in its forms and its sentiments; but it is no less the offspring of idealism, in its reaction against a mechanical age.

"Look again to that community which, as the professed nursing of Priestley and Belsham, was formerly the true representative of a sensational theology. However willing some may be to admit the fact, yet it cannot be concealed, that an idealistic philosophy, the natural antagonist of the Hartleian and all similar principles, has invaded their theological system, and is rapidly working a marked change in their whole religious life. Whether this change will lead to a fresh expansion of the elements of Christian faith, whether to pantheistic mysticism, or whether to religious rationalism properly so called, it yet remains to be seen; certain it is, that the sensational point of view must give way to *something more spiritual*, of whatever hue its spiritualism may be." — Vol. II., pp. 490–492.

As has been intimated before, our author evidently inclines to the French Eclectic School, but not without an earnest protest against the apparently pantheistic or skeptical tendency of some of the tenets of its distinguished head.

"But," says he, "the most dangerous door into religious skepticism."

cism is the use which Cousin makes of the spontaneity of the human reason, in order to explain the phenomena of inspiration. Reflection alone is considered to be the source of error; while that pure apperception, that instinctive development of thought, which results from spontaneity, is absolutely infallible. Now this spontaneity, it is said, is the foundation of religion. Those who were termed seers, prophets, inspired teachers, of ancient times, were simply men who resigned themselves largely to their intellectual instincts, and thus gazed upon truth in its pure and perfect form. They did not reason, they did not search, they did not reflect deeply and patiently, they made no pretension to philosophy; but they received truth spontaneously, as it flowed in upon them from heaven. Now, in one sense, all this may be true; but, according to Cousin, this immediate reception of divine light was nothing more than the *natural* play of the spontaneous reason; nothing more than what has existed, to a greater or less degree, in every man of great genius; nothing more than what may now exist in any mind which resigns itself to its own unreflective apperceptions. This being the case, revelation, in the ordinary sense, loses all its peculiar value; every man may be a prophet; every mind has within it the same authority to decide upon truth, as those minds had who dictated the Bible; we have only to sit and listen to the still, small voice within, to enjoy a daily revelation, which bears upon it all the marks of absolute infallibility.

"This doctrine, of course, may seem very plausible and very flattering; nay, it may arraign some evidence, and boast the explanation of many facts; but, assuredly, it can only be erected and established upon the ruins of all the fundamental evidences of Christianity. When the advocates of this natural, spontaneous inspiration will come forth from their recesses of thought, and deliver prophecies as clear as those of the Hebrew seer, — when they shall mould the elements of nature to their will, — when they shall speak with the sublime authority of Jesus of Nazareth, and, with the same infinite ease rising beyond all the influence of time, place, and circumstances, explain the past, and unfold the future, — when they die for the truth they utter, and rise again, as witnesses to its divinity, — then we may begin to place them on the elevation which they so thoughtlessly claim; but, until they either prove these *facts* to be delusions, or give their parallel in themselves, the world may well laugh at their ambition, and trample their spurious inspiration beneath its feet." — Vol. II., pp. 404–406.

While he exposes at some length the mischiefs and folly of mysticism, as it has commonly manifested itself in the world, he is not prepared to say that every form of it should

be entirely excluded from religion. We give his own words.

“To test the question, whether there be such a thing as a true mysticism in religion, we have simply to ask, whether our whole knowledge on this subject comes from reason and revelation combined, or whether there is not another element of truth, flowing from our spiritual feelings or our religious consciousness. The primary truths of natural theology may, of course, be viewed as deductions of reason; other religious ideas, again, come from an immediate revelation; but are we to say that this exhausts our sources of religious knowledge? Is there not a direct communication of the human mind with the Divine? and does not this communion give us a deeper insight into the Divine nature, than reason or revelation, or both of them combined, could ever afford? It is generally admitted that the highest conception of Deity which our reason can form is a very cold and abstract one, — one which can hardly reach beyond the notion of a first cause, and with difficulty attain to that of an infinite personality; and even if we come to the page of revelation itself, yet all the descriptions which it gives us of the attributes of God form but a very indistinct image upon a mind that simply puts these notions together by a logical process, and has no community of feeling with Deity itself. If it be the case, therefore, that, for gaining a deep insight into the perfections of God, we must rise to a communion of the heart and sympathy of feeling with him, then there is in religion a true and valid mysticism, which has to be cherished in every mind that thirsts after God. Mysticism of this nature forms, in fact, a regular portion of the common belief of all Christian countries. The theological doctrine of Divine influence is but the dogmatical mode of expressing a fact which is almost equally evident on the principles of natural religion; namely, that, ere we can enter fully into the conception of God, both in his own nature, and in his relation to the world, the spirit of man must be brought into mysterious communion and sympathy with the Spirit of God.” — Vol. II., pp. 514, 515.

Mr. Morell, as all must see, is equally removed from that class of minds which think that religion is to be sacrificed to philosophy, and from that which think that philosophy is to be sacrificed to religion. In common, we suppose, with most persons who are acquainted with both, he maintains that both are necessary, and that, in proportion as the intellectual wants of believers are more and more developed, this necessity will be more and more felt.

J. W.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Discourses on Human Nature, Human Life, and the Nature of Religion.* By ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 396.

FRANCIS & Co., of New York, have now in course of publication a uniform edition of Dr. Dewey's works, — sermons, essays, articles from reviews, and occasional discourses, — to be comprised in three volumes; — an enterprise which deserves, as it will receive, the grateful appreciation of the Unitarian community. One volume, containing "Discourses and Reviews upon Questions in Controversial Theology and Practical Religion," appeared early in the autumn, and was noticed in the number of this journal for November last. That volume is designed to be the third in this edition. The second will contain a series of sermons on "Commerce and Business," together with "A Miscellaneous Collection of Discourses on Politics and Society," "Reprints of Reviews and Occasional Sermons," &c. The volume before us, from the Preface to which we gather these particulars, is intended to be the first in the series. It contains twenty-four sermons, — seven "On Human Nature," thirteen "On Human Life," and four "On the Nature of Religion." As the former volume is chiefly controversial, and is an admirable exposition of the religious opinions of Unitarians, and of the general principles and modes of reasoning by which they are sustained, so this is almost exclusively practical, and affords an exhibition of the spiritual results of those views, of the modes in which the religious life and character are conceived of, presented and urged by Unitarian preachers. While both volumes, therefore, are excellent books to put into the hands of those who would learn something of what Unitarianism is, and what are its practical tendencies and results, they are yet more valuable to instruct and establish the minds of those of our own body who would have "a reason" for the faith that is in them, the faith in which they have been educated, and to quicken and direct their efforts to attain the Christian character, the true spiritual life. In rich, deep, noble thought, in apt and forcible illustration, in impressive appeals, in an earnest, manly eloquence, in a living spirit and power, — power to convince the reason, to sway the affections, to move the conscience, guiding while it quickens its action, to wake up all the slumbering energies of the soul, make it feel its responsibility, make it feel that religion is a reality, the great, solemn, and



blessed reality of its being,—in all these respects we are willing to compare the twenty-four sermons of this volume with any similar volume given to the world from any other denomination. Unitarian Christianity would not suffer by such a comparison.

In the Preface, Dr. Dewey says:—“I have sometimes regretted that it has been my fortune to communicate with the public through sermons.”

“I doubt,” he proceeds, “whether there is any one vehicle of communication—art, literature, poetry, fiction, the journal, or the newspaper—in the way of which public opinion has thrown so many obstructions and difficulties. In the first place, it has laid a jealous restriction upon the *topics* of the sermon, the style, the modes of illustration,—the whole manly freedom of utterance. In the next place, having thus helped to make it tame and commonplace, it has branded what is partly its own work with that fatal epithet, *dull*. In fact, the sermon, the printed sermon, has scarcely any recognized place among the great and noble arts of expression or communication.”

We are a little surprised to hear this complaint from Dr. Dewey; nor does it seem to us altogether just. He is the last man who has any occasion or ground to make it, and is himself a practical illustration to the contrary. Certainly no one, in reading the volume before us, could by any possibility get the impression, that the author, whether as preacher or writer, felt himself under any very severe restrictions either as to his selection of topics or his mode of treating them. The great themes of human nature and human life, in their religious aspects, are open to him; he selects what points he chooses, touches them with the hand of a master, with “a manly freedom of utterance,” in such style, such forms of illustration, as are fitted to instruct and impress, to produce that result which it is the appropriate work and purpose of the pulpit to produce. A Protestant pulpit, above all, a Congregational pulpit, is, we believe,—and we might point to Dr. Dewey as an example and proof,—a place for free and manly utterance, in exact proportion to the freedom and power of the person who stands in it. Every place and form of “expression or communication” with the public has its conventional restrictions, its rules, which good taste and sound judgment suggest and sustain. The lawyer at the bar, the statesman in the deliberative assembly, the orator in his popular address, and the poet in his work of art, be it a sonnet or an epic,—all these, as well as the preacher,—feel “a pressure from without,” are subjected to certain proprieties, rules, and restrictions, in the expression of their thought, the exhibition of truth or beauty. Those which attach to the pulpit are not more severe than those which attach to either of them,—nor do they operate more strongly as fetters on the power of the pulpit, checking its “manly freedom of utterance.” As a means of “expression or communication,” the pulpit, we believe, main-

tains its place and honor, grows with the growth of society, adapts itself to the changes and progress of man, and meets the wants of this progress; not so much as we could wish, but as much as any other form of "expression or communication." That is, the most eminent and successful productions of the pulpit — this volume of sermons, for instance, and a few others, both of the living and the dead, that might be mentioned — compare favorably with the most eminent and successful productions of any other department of human thought and action. They correspond to our conceptions of what the pulpit ought to be, what it ought to do and say here and now, as fully as the noblest speeches delivered on the floor of Congress correspond to our conceptions of what a profound and high-principled statesman ought to be, to do, and to say. Men are often dull in the pulpit; so they are in the halls of legislation, at the bar, and in the printed page of the poet or historian; but in neither case does the dullness proceed from the restrictions thrown around the form of "expression or communication," but from the head or the heart of the individual.

The sermons before us, however, will never be pronounced dull, and we trust that the new and revised form in which they are here given to the public will lead to their more extended circulation, their more faithful study and application. Though not a complete treatise (nor designed to be) on the broad subjects embraced in the title-page, though each sermon is in a great measure a separate and independent essay, yet there is a general completeness in the impression made by the whole volume; and no man can read it without being largely instructed, without receiving many noble impulses, many solemn and profound thoughts, — thoughts, it seems to us, that must *live* in his heart and bear fruit in his life.

\* L.

---

*A Report on the Trees and Shrubs growing naturally in the Forests of Massachusetts.* Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1846. 8vo. pp. 547.

THE public have been long looking forward with interest to the publication of this Report by Mr. George B. Emerson, and they will find themselves amply compensated for the delay of its appearance by its great excellence. The author might, in a much shorter time, have prepared a hasty, superficial work, such as it is the fashion of the day to send forth on a multitude of subjects; but he has wisely chosen to wait till he could issue a volume worthy of his own reputation, and creditable to the science and

literature of the Commonwealth. In the description of the Trees and Shrubs, he very judiciously, we think, adopts the Natural System, rather than the artificial system of Linnæus. The general reader certainly will find great advantage in this arrangement, and will thank the author for throwing off the trammels of the artificial system, as also for avoiding, as far as possible, the use of technical terms. The work is one, in every view, of great merit. The "economical relations" of the subject, as was desirable, have been kept carefully in view. "Upon the culture, properties, and uses of many of our trees and shrubs," Mr. Emerson observes, "few or no experiments have been made." "Of many of them," he continues, "the value in building, and the various mechanic arts, in dyeing and tanning, and as furnishing articles of food, or materials for medicine, are [is] not yet known." Yet many valuable remarks occur on these subjects in different parts of the volume, which will have the effect of encouraging observation and stimulating inquiry. The author has been diligent in collecting his materials, having for this purpose, as he informs us, "scoured the forests in almost every part of the State, from the western hills of Berkshire to Martha's Vineyard, and from the banks of the Merrimac to the shores of Buzzard's and Narraganset Bays." The descriptions are mostly his own, and were derived from "copious notes taken under or near the growing plant itself." This explains their distinctness, their great freshness and excellence, which we cannot too much admire. We regret that he should have found it necessary, in accommodation to the taste of his "utilitarian readers," to throw aside much that he had written on the "beauty of our native trees, and of the climbing vines and undergrowth associated with them." Mr. Emerson has an eye for such beauty, and succeeds well in describing it; and we participate in his conviction, "that associations with the beauty of trees about our country homes enter deeply into the best elements of our character," and in his hope that what he has written may induce some of his readers "to plant trees, for the purpose of increasing the beauty and the appearance of seclusion and quiet of the homes of their wives and children." From his rejected materials we doubt not that he might easily make up a pleasing and useful volume, which would further aid in the promotion of so desirable an object. Every man of taste, who has grounds to cultivate, will derive both pleasure and profit from Mr. Emerson's work; and we wish it could be placed in the hands of every farmer—every owner of an acre of ground—in the country. Let the reader turn to the chapters on the oaks and pines, or the elm and the plane-tree (button-wood), and he will discover at once the richness of the volume.

*The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vols. VIII., IX., X., and XII. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846, 1847. 16mo. pp. 439, 403, 403, and 408.

SOME of these volumes, given to the public under the superintendence of Mr. Sparks, whose labors in the field of American history and biography connect his name indissolubly with some of the brightest pages of our annals, should have been noticed before. The eighth, ninth, and tenth contain six Lives, all creditable to their authors: that of General Charles Lee, by Mr. Sparks,—and Governor Joseph Reed, by Henry Reed; of Leonard Calvert, by George W. Burnap,—Governor Samuel Ward, by William Gammell,—and Governor Thomas Posey, by James Hall; and that of General Nathaniel Greene, by George W. Greene. The Life of Leonard Calvert, first governor of Maryland, by Mr. Burnap, has peculiar claims to notice, and will be found interesting and valuable, not simply as a well-executed biography, indicating thorough research, but from the question of religious freedom, from time to time so much discussed in connection with the foundation and early legislation of the Maryland Colony. The eleventh volume received notice in our last number. That recently issued, the twelfth, is divided about equally between the life of Commodore Edward Preble, by Lorenzo Sabine,—a very agreeably written narrative,—and the life of William Penn, by George E. Ellis. After all that has been written of Penn, we find a fresh interest in Mr. Ellis's pages. He has treated the subject with judgment, giving, at as much length as the place the biography occupies required or admitted, the main incidents of Penn's life, and presenting discriminating views of his character, policy, and motives.

L.

---

*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* By ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. Second Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 475.

THIS volume will prove, we think, equally welcome to the public with its predecessor. It contains fewer articles, but among them are some of the best with which the author has enriched our periodical literature. The longest in the collection is a "Biographical Sketch" of Harro Harring,—though, if we may judge from the impression made by it on our own minds at the time of its appearance, its length will be no subject of complaint. It is a record of adventures which, along with the lives of such men



as Follen, Lieber, and numerous Italian and Polish exiles, belong, as the author justly remarks, to a "curious and important chapter in the history of the age," and was prepared chiefly from notes furnished by the subject himself. Among the other matters treated in the volume are Madame De Staël, Musæus's Popular Tales, Irving's Columbus, Greenough's Statue of Washington, Stewart's Philosophy, Life of J. J. Rousseau, Havana, History of Intellectual Philosophy, etc. Mr. Everett's thorough scholarship, and the great variety and extent of his information on modern and contemporary history and literature, render his writings a rich storehouse of knowledge, and give a sterling value to his criticisms.

L.

---

*Guide to Plymouth, and Recollections of the Pilgrims.* By WILLIAM S. RUSSELL. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 306.

THIS publication, of course, does not lay claim to any great originality, so far as the materials are concerned, though some "traditionary statements" are introduced, resting, as the author says, on "substantial grounds, deemed equally entitled to credit with those of historical records." The volume contains a great deal of information, historical, topographical, and biographical, the whole brought within a reasonable compass, and presented in a form suited to a guide-book. It will be found very useful to the numerous and increasing class of visitors to the spot first trodden by the feet of the Pilgrims. Annexed are seventy-six pages of "Airs of the Pilgrims," a collection of odes and hymns written on "the forefathers," some of which have considerable poetic merit.

L.

---

*The Universalist's Assistant; or an Examination of the Principal Objections commonly urged against Universalism.* By A BELIEVER. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1846. 12mo. pp. 234.

UNIVERSALISM, as defined by the writer of this volume, "is not the mere denial of the doctrine of endless punishment, but the positive affirmation that all men will ultimately attain to holiness, and consequently to happiness." About the method and time of this final restoration of every human soul it seems that there are differences of opinion among Universalists; some believing that "the consequences of human action extend beyond the present state," and that salvation is to be attained through "each individual's own agency"; others supposing that a change will be mys-

teriously wrought at death, in a way "wholly independent of the individual's volitions, and the exercise of his own powers." The object of the writer is to disprove the eternity of punishment. On the "affirmative testimony in behalf of Universalism" he does not touch, except briefly in some concluding remarks. The objections to Universalism, in the sense in which he defines it, are very thoroughly examined, with competent learning, with fairness, and in a Christian spirit. L.

---

*Memoir of Robert Swain.* Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 259.

AN account of a short life passed mostly in illness, "pain, and disappointed hope," but marked by a spirit of resignation, cheerfulness, and Christian trust, alike soothing and instructive,—an excellent book to put into the hands of the young. Mr. Morison has shown equal modesty and skill in concealing himself behind the figure which he presents to the observation and study of his readers. L.

---

*Looking Upward: or, Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons.* By CHARLES WELLBELOVED. With an Introduction, by JAMES W. THOMPSON, Minister of the Church in Barton Square, Salem. Salem: W. & S. B. Ives. 1847. 16mo. pp. 135.

A VERY excellent manual of "moral reflections and of devotional exercises," and hymns, for a week, presenting serious views of religion and duty in a familiar and "inviting" form. Mr. Thompson is entitled to our thanks for procuring the present reprint of this little volume, the production of one whom we unite with our English brethren in regarding with veneration and gratitude. L.

---

*Consolation in Trials and Suffering.* Boston. 1846. Published by a Layman. 16mo. pp. 104.

WE know not to whom we are indebted for this compilation, made partly, as the publisher informs us, from an English work, some portions of which were "too sectarian" and are therefore omitted to give place to other passages from his own pen; but we have found reason to value it as a manual of religious conso-

lation. A great excellence of the book consists in the "apt quotations from the Bible" with which it abounds. It is addressed to "the believer," and under the titles of "The Believer's Temptations," "Trials," "Encouragement," "Guide," "Deliverance," "Refuge," "Portion," "Hope," "Comfort," "Prospect," "Retrospect," and "Rest," offers "comfort in affliction, mental or corporeal."

G.

---

*The Christian's Daily Treasury; a Religious Exercise for Every Day in the Year.* By EBENEZER TEMPLE, Rochford, Essex. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 407.

To those who like a Calvinistic theology, and would daily, as a guide to meditation, read the heads, or skeleton, of a sermon, founded on some text of Scripture, and occupying, on an average, a little more than a page, this volume, for which we are indebted to the politeness of the American publishers, will, no doubt, prove a very acceptable treasure. It contains some good materials for reflection, along with much that is commonplace, frigid, and, in our view, false.

L.

---

*My Teacher's New Year's Present, or Select Biography of the Young.* By F. T. GRAY. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1847. 24mo. pp. 96.

RELIGIOUS biographies, and especially accounts of the "deaths of remarkable children," do not always prove very edifying, and are apt to deal in extravagances of one or another sort; but here is a little volume which is unexceptionable, containing six biographies by different hands, along with a number of hymns or verses full of just and devout sentiment, the whole forming, what it is intended to be, an appropriate and useful "new year's present" for children. It is an excellent book for Sunday-school libraries.

L.

---

*Hymns, Songs, and Fables, for Young People.* By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Revised and enlarged from the last Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 99.

It is unnecessary to say any thing in recommendation of a publication so well known as Mrs. Follen's "Hymns, Songs," etc. "The present edition," she informs us, "has been greatly enlarged, by poems either not before printed, or that have had a

very limited circulation, and also by a number of translations from the German." L.

---

*Flowers for Children.* By L. MARIA CHILD, Author of *Mother's Book*, etc. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 184.

OF this volume the public will require no further recommendation than the statement contained in the prefatory notice, that, like the two which have preceded it under the same title, it consists, in about equal proportions, of articles rewritten from the "*Juvenile Miscellany*," originally published by Mrs. Child, and of "new articles written expressly for the occasion." L.

---

*The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science.* By JOHN HARRIS, D. D., President of Cheshunt College, Author of "*The Great Teacher*," etc. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 294.

THIS volume is liable, in parts at least, to the charge of obscurity, and it deals a little too much in theological metaphysics, we should think, to suit the taste of most readers. It contains, however, many sound and interesting views and illustrations of the connection between theology and natural science, and especially the science of geology. L.

---

*Plato: his Life, Works, Opinions, and Influence.* By ENOCH POND, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor. Portland: Hyde, Lord, & Duren. 1847. 24mo. pp. 155.

A MINIATURE volume, sufficiently inviting to the eye, and intended to serve as a sort of popular "introduction to the study of Plato," or, with those who "have not the means or the opportunity for such a study, as a substitute for it;—a meagre substitute indeed, but yet better than none." It does not pretend to any great depth, and certainly does not possess it. It gives no scientific exposition of the philosophy of Plato, though it will afford the unlearned reader some general notion of the subjects of his writings. In regard to the views maintained by Unitarians, of the Platonism of the early fathers of the Church, and of the origin of the Trinity, to which the publication has particular reference, we must say that Dr. Pond gives evidence of being very imperfectly informed. His acquaintance with Unitarian writings must be exceedingly superficial. L.



*Discourses and Addresses at the Ordination of the Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, LL. D., to the Ministry of the Gospel, and his Inauguration as President of Yale College, October 21, 1846.* New Haven: 1846. 8vo. pp. 100.

*Shall the Sword Devour For ever? A Discourse suggested by the Death of Lieut. Edward Eastman, of the U. S. Army, who died at Camargo, October 26, 1846, aged 28.* By WILLIAM P. TILDEN, Pastor of the Second Congregational Church, Concord, N. H. Concord. 1847. 8vo. pp. 15.

*Christian Union. A Discourse preached before the First Congregational Society in Kingston, November 22, 1846.* By AUGUSTUS R. POPE, Minister of the Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

*A Sermon of Merchants; preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, November 22, 1846.* By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the XXVIII. Congregational Church in Boston. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

*The Faith once delivered to the Saints. A Discourse delivered at the Dedication of the Unitarian Meetinghouse in Windsor, Vt., Wednesday, December 9, 1846.* By Rev. A. A. LIVERMORE, Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Keene, N. H. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

*New Year's Sermons, preached in the Bulfinch Street Church, on Sunday, January 3, 1847.* By FREDERICK T. GRAY, Minister of the Bulfinch Street Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 24.

*A Sermon preached in the Church of the First Parish in Dedham, January 10, 1847, the Sunday after the Death of Ebenezer Fisher, Jr.* By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D., Pastor of the First Parish. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

*Unity and Peace. A Sermon preached before the Church of the Unity, Worcester, January 10, 1847.* By JOHN WEISS, Preacher of the First Congregational Church, Watertown. Worcester. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

*A Good Old Age. A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Hon. John Davis, LL. D., and preached in the Federal Street Meetinghouse in Boston, January 24, 1847.* By EZRA S. GANNETT, Minister of the Federal Street Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 36.

*Right Opinion the Foundation of Right Action, sought in a Free and Catholic Spirit, a primary Object of every Christian. A Sermon, preached at the First Meeting of the Western Unitarian Union, held at Taunton, April 21, 1846.* By the Rev. G. ARMSTRONG, A. B. T. C. D. London. 8vo. pp. 36.

*Cast thy Bread upon the Waters. A Sermon preached at Worship Street Chapel, London, before the General Assembly of Unitarian Baptists, held on Whit-Tuesday, June 2, 1846.* By the Rev. THOMAS SADLER, Ph. D. London. 1846. 8vo. pp. 23.

*Papers on the Slave Power, first published in the "Boston Whig."* By JOHN G. PALFREY, of Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 91.

*Correspondence between Nathan Appleton and John G. Palfrey, intended as a Supplement to Mr. Palfrey's Pamphlet on the Slave Power.* Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 20.

*Lecture on Home Preparation for School, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Plymouth, Mass., August, 1846.* By JASON WHITMAN. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 63.

*A Discourse delivered before the Maine Historical Society, at its Annual Meeting, September 6, 1846.* By GEORGE FOLSOM. Portland. 1847. 8vo. pp. 80.

*Conversation. An Address delivered before the Newburyport High School, on the Third Anniversary of its Establishment, December 19, 1846.* By ANDREW P. PEABODY. With the Annual Report of the Principal. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 39.

*The Spirit of the Pilgrims. An Oration delivered before the Society of the Sons of New England of Philadelphia, December 22, 1846, in Commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims two hundred and twenty-six Years ago.* By WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

*An Oration delivered before the New England Society, in the City of New York, December 22, 1846.* By CHARLES W. UPHAM. New York. 1847. 8vo. pp. 40.

*An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, and Services and Influences of the Leading Men in the Origination of our Union, etc.* By THADDEUS ALLEN. Nos. 2-4. Boston. 1846, 7. 8vo.

THE pamphlet relating to the inauguration of President Woolsey contains discourses and addresses which, independently of their intrinsic merit, deserve preservation as furnishing the best possible record of a transaction in which the whole American public must take an interest. The office of President of Yale College being, in the opinion of the Corporation, "religious and ecclesiastical" in its nature, Dr. Woolsey, formerly Greek Professor, was first ordained to the Christian ministry, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, preaching the Ordination Sermon, Rev. Dr. Porter, of Farmington, delivering the Charge, and Rev. Mr. Smith, of New Canaan, giving the Right Hand of Fellowship.

The ordination was followed, in the afternoon, by the ceremony of Inauguration, Dr. Day, late President, now Senior Fellow, delivering the "Inaugurating Address," and Professor Kingsley a "Congratulatory Address" in Latin. The President then pronounced his "Inaugural Discourse." All of these, with the exception of the Latin Address, are contained in the pamphlet before us. — After stating a few facts relating to the life and character of Lieut. Eastman, Mr. Tilden, in connection with some remarks of his own, presents several extracts derived from different sources, exhibiting a melancholy, but true, picture of the sufferings and horrors of war. The Discourse is timely and Christian. — Mr. Pope comments with fit severity on the attempt made by the late London "Evangelical Alliance" to found Christian union on a "doctrinal basis," and offers some just observations on the true "oneness" of Christians. — Mr. Parker, in his "Sermon of Merchants," speaks with great directness, and in his usual fresh and glowing style, of their "position, temptations, opportunities, influence, and duty." — The occasion of the delivery of Mr. Livermore's Discourse naturally called for a statement of the Unitarian faith, which he has given with plainness and simplicity, and in a spirit of Christian love. — Mr. Gray's New Year's Sermons give some account of his preaching, and some statistics of his society, and particularly of its benevolent action, not during the year merely, but during his seven years' connection with it. They are simple, affectionate, and serious performances, full of the right spirit, and well suited to the season. — The discourse on the death of Ebenezer Fisher, Jr., contains a tribute to the memory of a man esteemed and beloved through a wide circle of acquaintances and friends for his useful life, and character of great moral and Christian worth. — Mr. Weiss's Sermon on "Unity and Peace," founded not on ideas of the intellect, not on "theologies," but on moral elements, is marked by vigorous and elevated thought, and presents a solemn plea for truth and right in opposition to maxims of political expediency and popular fallacies of every kind. — After describing the elements of "a good old age," Mr. Gannett goes on to notice the principal events in the life of Judge Davis, and to delineate the features of his character, — commemorating one whose excellence entitled him to the most respectful and affectionate notice, and whose last years were a beautiful illustration of the subject of the discourse. — Mr. Armstrong's Sermon, the subject of which is sufficiently indicated by the title, abounds in discriminating thought and forcible argument. He contends earnestly for the authority of Jesus as a special messenger from God, and urges the responsibilities of ministers in connection with the claims of a supernatural religion. We should prefer a more simple style, and the perpetual recurrence of Italic and capitalized

words is a poor compliment to the discernment of readers. — There is a great deal of beauty both of thought and expression in Dr. Sadler's discourse, the subject of which is the "duty of earnest, steadfast labors, notwithstanding our uncertainty as to the period of our reward." We like especially the hopeful spirit which breathes through it.

Dr. Palfrey's pamphlet, of which we had hoped that a friend would take notice in an article on the subject prepared expressly for our journal, is vigorous, acutely written, and embodies a great mass of facts and reasonings, some of which will be new to many readers, and all of which deserve the careful consideration of every friend of his country or of humanity. It is in our judgment the best pamphlet which has appeared on the important but difficult subject which it discusses. The "Correspondence" refers to some "personalities," which do not affect the intrinsic merit of the "Papers." — The duty of parents in regard especially to that part of a preparation for school, the most important of all, which consists in the cultivation of right moral habits and affections in the child, is well illustrated and forcibly urged in Mr. Whitman's Lecture. — Mr. Folsom, in his historical Discourse, well executes his purpose of giving "some of the facts connected with the early discovery and settlement of Maine, and the character of those who were most active in the work of colonization." — Mr. Peabody's Address points out, in lively and somewhat playful language, several of the usual faults of conversation, and contains some just observations on its proper character and uses. We had supposed, however, that the paternity of the so often quoted remark, "Give me the making of the popular songs of a nation, and let who will make the laws," belonged, not to "a wise man of antiquity," but to Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. — Mr. Furness's Oration has a genuine heart-warmth, and expresses, in fit and beautiful language, sentiments which we of the North, who derive our blood and our principles from the Pilgrims, must rejoice to have repeated throughout the continent, whenever occasion is offered for their utterance. — Mr. Upham's Oration, delivered on the same day, before the "New England Society" in New York, is distinguished by affluence of thought, and deep practical wisdom, by felicity of historical illustration and allusion, and a style of pure classical English, which take it out of the class of mere ephemeral productions, of which the recurrence of anniversary celebrations is so prolific, and entitle it to rank with the very best efforts of our public orators on the same, or any similar occasion. — We have already expressed a favorable opinion of the plan of Mr. Allen's publication, and the fidelity of its execution we have never heard called in question. The fourth number, recently issued, brings down the history to the termination of the "memorable campaign of 1776."



## INTELLIGENCE.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Ecclesiastical Record.* — We continue to record the changes which take place in the ministry of our churches, in the hope that, by an exposure of the extent of the evil, attention may be drawn to so serious a departure from the "good old ways" of our fathers. We cannot but think there are some indications of a tendency to restore a better order of things.

Rev. Mr. Snow having closed his connection with the people of Brooklyn, Conn., the pulpit has been supplied through the winter by Rev. Mr. May of Leicester. — Rev. Mr. Allen has resigned his charge of the congregation at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. — Rev. Mr. Doggett has relinquished the care of the church in Bridgewater, and become the successor of Mr. Huntington, at Ashby. — Rev. Mr. Sewall of Scituate, we rejoice to learn, has so far recovered his health as to accede to the urgent request of his congregation that he would resume his ministerial duties among them. — Our obituary department records the death of three faithful ministers, two of whom were actively engaged in their work to the last. — The societies at Salem, East Boston, and Brattleboro', Vt., will soon be provided with settled ministers.

A Unitarian society has been organized in Ware under circumstances which promise its increase. A meetinghouse will soon be finished. Worship is at present held in the vestry under the church, in which religious services were for the first time conducted on Sunday, January 24, 1847, by Rev. Mr. Brooks of Boston. — The meetinghouse of the First Society in Haverhill, erected only a few years since, was consumed by fire on the 1st of January. A committee of the society have made an appeal to the sympathies of their Christian brethren for aid in rebuilding the house. — We are glad to know that the society in Lexington are proceeding with a good spirit to erect a meetinghouse in place of that which was recently destroyed, as mentioned in our last number.

Inconvenience has arisen in some cases, we learn, from the disappointment of expectations which had been entertained, of assistance from the American Unitarian Association. The appropriations which the Committee had felt themselves authorized in making, the amount of money actually placed at their disposal has been too small to meet; in consequence of a practice, which many societies have adopted, of sending in their annual subscription to the Missionary Fund subject to specific appropriations of their own, — thus making the Association merely the channel through which their subscriptions pass to the designated objects, seriously diminishing the general resources of the Association. Measures should be taken to prevent such an interference of plans in future years. — The American Unitarian Association have applied to the legislature of this Commonwealth for an act of incorporation, according to a vote passed at a late annual meeting. — The Meadville Theological School has received a charter of incorporation from the State of Pennsylvania. The condition of this School is high-

ly satisfactory. The three classes contain, — Senior Class, 4 ; Middle Class, 13 ; and Junior Class, 15 pupils ; whole number, 32. Large additions have been made to the library ; and the professors, two of whom “ devote themselves to the School constantly,” while two “ visit it annually for the purpose of giving their courses of lectures,” are encouraged by the success which has attended their labors. — The Divinity School at Cambridge continues to furnish well instructed ministers to our churches. Of the class last graduated, eight have already received invitations to take charge of congregations. The present number in the School is 31 ; viz. Senior Class, 13 ; Middle, 7 ; Junior, 11. A bequest of two thousand dollars has been received from the estate of the late Miss Nancy Kendall, of Leominster, “ for the aid of indigent members of the Theological School.”

The last Annual Report of the “ Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America ” gives a satisfactory view of the proceedings of the “ Select Committee,” who have charge of its affairs. Its “ operations during the last year have embraced St. Louis, with destitute places in Missouri ; Quincy, Geneva, and Galena, with destitute places in Illinois ; Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, and destitute places in Michigan ; the Isle of Shoals, with provisions for its school and church ; the Indians of Marshpee, with those also of Herring Pond ; the Cherokee Indians, with their female seminary at Dwight ; the Ojibway Indians, near Lake Superior ; the Oneida Indians, at Green Bay ; and, lastly, the support and education of two Indian youth in the Seminary in Albion, Michigan.” “ At no former period,” adds the Report, “ has the Society embraced so wide or varied a field of action as during the year last past, more particularly in its endeavours for the benefit of the Indian race. A sum nearly double the amount of the income of the Alford fund, which was specially devoted to them, has been employed for this object ” ; the whole amount of Indian appropriation for the year having been nine hundred dollars.

We are glad to observe that special courses of lectures on Sunday evenings, given by different ministers of our faith, meet with encouragement. Two such courses are now in delivery in New York and Brooklyn, N. Y., and two also in this city, besides one at least in this neighbourhood. In looking over the “ London Inquirer ” we have noticed the frequent announcement of similar courses of lectures in Unitarian chapels in England. They are sometimes delivered by several ministers, succeeding each other according to a natural order of subjects, and sometimes by the minister of the chapel alone. Generally they are meant to afford an exhibition or defence of the doctrinal views held by Unitarians, but in some instances they treat of subjects of a more practical character.

Our brethren in England appear to be more actively engaged in the work of Christian instruction than in former years. The Ministry at Large, or Domestic Mission, as it is called by them, is evidently growing in favor. In addition to the places which we have already, from time to time, mentioned as supporting such a mission, we may now name Leicester, where Mr. Dare is employed, and has just published his first annual report. Our readers are not, probably, aware of the efforts made by many Unitarian congregations in England to sustain religious and benevolent institutions. We may cite one example, taken from the Report of the “ Western Unitarian Christian Union,” in which

"full statistics are given of every congregation connected with the Union," — remarking, however, that few other societies, we presume, could furnish such an account. Let it be remembered, that all these methods of usefulness are adopted and maintained by a single congregation, — that formerly under the care of Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

"Bristol. — Rev. George Armstrong, B. A., 1838, and Rev. Wm. James, 1842. Congregation, 700. — The institutions are, — an Endowed Almshouse for 14 aged persons; a Daily Endowed School for 40 boys, connected with the same institution, founded A. D. 1722, with residence for a Master; also an Endowed School for 20 girls, with apartments for a Mistress; an Infant School, supported by voluntary contributions, containing 150 children, with a house for Master and Mistress; a Daily School for boys and girls, with about 120 children, supported by voluntary contributions; a School Dispensary; Sunday-schools, containing about 160 children and 40 teachers; a Fellowship Fund; a Sunday-school Provident Fund; a Chapel Library; a Sunday-school Library; a Sunday-school Teachers' Library; a Ladies' Working and Visiting Society, with about 60 members, and having under its care 150 poor families; a Tract Distributing Society; a Fund for the Relief of Poor Ministers, their Widows, and Students for the Ministry, sustained by endowment and annual collection; also a Fund for nearly similar objects, founded by a former Minister, the Rev. John Bury, upwards of a century ago; a Domestic Mission, supported by voluntary contributions; Rev. James Bayley, Missionary; the Mission congregation about 60; its institutions, Sunday-school and weekly night School; Library; Mutual Improvement and Assistance Society."

Could all our congregations present similar statistics, the charge of supineness or selfish enjoyment of Christian privileges could scarcely be repeated, even by those who most widely differ from us in belief.

---

*Ordinations and Installations.* — Rev. EDWIN GOODHUE ADAMS, of Ashby, a graduate from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained over the First Congregational Church and Society in TEMPLETON, Mass., as colleague pastor with Rev. Mr. Wellington, January 20, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, from 1 Peter iii. 18; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Bond of Barre, Wellington of Templeton, and Nute of Petersham.

Rev. CHARLES HENRY APPLETON DALL was introduced to the pastoral care of the First Religious Society in NEEDHAM, Mass., on Sunday, February 7, 1847. After a brief statement concerning the action of the society in the case by Rev. Daniel Kimball, chairman of the parish committee, the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Whitman of Lexington; who also preached a Sermon from 1 Peter i. 9, and gave Mr. Dall the Right Hand of Fellowship.

Rev. THEOPHILUS PIPON DOGGETT, late of South Bridgewater, was installed as Pastor of the First Church and Society in ASHBY, Mass., February 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston, from 2 Peter iii. 11; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr.

Doggett of Raynham ; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell ; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg ; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Smith of Groton, and Chandler of Shirley.

---

*Dedications.* — The meeting-house erected by the Unitarian Society in WINDSOR, Vt., was dedicated by appropriate religious services, December 9, 1846. The Sermon, from 1 Timothy ii. 5, was preached by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H. ; who also offered the Prayer of Dedication ; the other services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Newell of Pomfret, Vt.

The First Congregational Society in WESTFORD, Mass., having remodelled their meetinghouse, it was dedicated anew to its sacred purposes, January 7, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton, from Psalm xx. 2 ; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Chelmsford ; and the other services were conducted by Messrs. White and Thayer.

---

*Harvard University.* — The "Annual Report of the President of the University at Cambridge to the Overseers, exhibiting the state of the institution for the academical year 1845 - 46," being the first which President Everett has been called to make, shows that the University is in all its departments in a good condition. Mr. Everett speaks of the state of the several professional Schools in the University, of the general discipline of the College, and of the wants of the institution in respect to an increase of the library and the erection of a new chapel, — points on which the Treasurer also enlarges in his Annual Statement. The President remarks, that "no pains should be spared to give activity to practical religious influences." — At the annual meeting of the Board of Overseers, the last month, besides the reading of the reports of the several visiting and examining committees of the last year, and the appointment of the same committees for the next year, the election by the Corporation of Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., as Dane Professor of Law, of James Kent, LL. D., as Royall Professor of Law, and of Eben Norton Horsford as Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts, was in each case confirmed. A revised code of regulations for the Law School was presented from the Corporation and adopted by the Overseers. The President also offered a plan which the Corporation had matured for a new department in the University, under the title of "the Scientific School of the University of Cambridge," intended to serve as "an advanced school of instruction in theological and practical science, and in other useful branches of academic learning." This plan, which will much increase the advantages of education afforded at Cambridge, was unanimously adopted. Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, of Boston, was elected a member of the Board, in place of the late Dr. Brazer ; and Hon. John C. Gray, of Boston, to fill the place vacated by President Everett's resignation of his seat as one of the permanent Board.



## OBITUARY.

REV. CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER died in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 3, 1847, aged 24 years.

The death of this young brother, though not unexpected, has caused more than common grief in many hearts. The story of his life is brief and simple. Born in Providence, R. I., December 30, 1822, he remained at home until he had finished his collegiate education. It has been said of him, that "he was never a child." A peculiar manliness and thoughtfulness gave the appearance of early maturity, — better than common precocity. Still he was always bright and playful, with a love of genuine humor which he never lost. But his passion was for knowledge, and his power of attaining it easy and rapid. Entering Brown University in 1838, he studied through the whole course not only as much as his duties required, but a great deal more; accomplishing an amount of various reading, not common even with robust health, which he had not. He took high rank as a scholar, graduated with honor, and then passed three years in the Divinity School at Cambridge. In the autumn of 1845 he began to preach, and soon had an invitation to settle in West Cambridge, which he accepted, it being his highest ambition to devote himself to a quiet country parish. But before he could be ordained, indeed at the very moment of his writing the letter of acceptance, his health failed, and, finding it necessary to seek a milder climate for the winter, he went to Cuba. Returning in the spring with but partially renovated strength, he preached in Cincinnati, and was at once invited to remain. Accepting the invitation, in the fond hope of being able to labor in that softer clime, he came home, was married in August, and went back to Cincinnati, with still feebler health and hopes, but with the earnest purpose to work while he lived. With difficulty, but with great acceptance, he preached once each Sunday for two months, then drooped — and died, — having just completed his twenty-fourth year.

The distinction of George Fenner's character, we should say, was the union of the intellectual with the spiritual, and of both with the genial, in a high degree and in beautiful harmony. He loved study, he loved nature and art, he loved freedom, truth, and man. He had a natural gift for music and the pencil, though he used them chiefly for his own gratification. He clung fondly to all that was good in the past, with a keen sense of present evils, and generous hope and holy courage for the future. He loved forms and symbols, the old church, and the oldest writers; but never was a spirit more independent of them, or more sensible of the danger and dishonor of bondage. His knowledge of books, in many departments, is believed to have been remarkable, both for its extent and justice. His imagination was fervid but controlled, and his poetic power not ordinary, as the little volume, published so recently, and drawn from a much larger collection of manuscript poems, amply proves. He dearly loved the profession of his choice. In a letter from Cuba, he wrote, — "With returning health comes a desire, oh how intense! to be back at my post, and take part in the campaign." In the strength of this desire, though in extreme debility at times, he resolved to go where he had been called, and meet the issue, not in idleness but in service. And there he toiled

and hoped, almost to the day of his death. Death was not a stranger to his thoughts, nor a king of terrors. Yet he wished to live, that he might learn and labor for the highest end. It was permitted, — but in another sphere. And when he saw that so it must be, he bowed in calm submission, made every preparation, sighed only for the loved so soon to be bereaved, and died in the Christian's faith. How strong that faith, how entire and cheerful his resignation, appears in the touching fact, that, dear as life was to him, the moment he felt himself called away, he dwelt with delight and undoubting confidence on his approaching interview with those who had gone before him, exclaiming more than once, — "Yes, I shall see father and sister before midnight."

His body remains, as he desired, with the people to whom he gave his last strength, and who proved in many ways their appreciation of such a gift. His spirit also remains with them and with many here, to bless us all, while it soars in the realms of knowledge and purity to which it always aspired.

H.

---

HON. JOHN DAVIS, LL. D., died at Boston, Mass., January 14, 1847, aged 85 years.

Judge Davis was born in Plymouth, January 25, 1761. After graduating at Cambridge in the class of 1781, he pursued his professional studies, and established himself as a lawyer in his native town, but was soon drawn into public life by the will of his fellow-citizens, and in 1795 received from Washington the appointment of Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States. He resigned this office after holding it one year, and, returning to New England, removed to Boston. Soon afterwards he was appointed United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts, and in 1800 accepted the office of District Judge, which he held for forty-one years, resigning it at the age of eighty, but not from any decrease of intellectual vigor. On the contrary, he retained the brightness of his faculties as well as the sweetness of his disposition till his death, which took place after an illness of but one day. No one was more worthy to enjoy the respect and love of which he was the object. An enthusiastic lover of books, he also delighted in the society of his friends. A learned and upright judge, he secured the confidence of the community as well as of the court over which he presided. Acquainted with natural science and cultivating a taste for letters, he was particularly interested in the study of the early history of New England. For many years connected with the government of the University, and a member of various literary associations, his influence was felt beyond the circle of his kindred and the sphere of his professional labors. Mild in his manners, instructive in his discourse, cordial in his sympathies, and steadfast in his religious convictions, he passed through life attended by the esteem of all who knew him. His old age was clear and beautiful. Domestic afflictions did not impair his serenity nor lessen his usefulness. He presented a rare example of the Christian philosopher. For fifty years he was a member of the Federal Street congregation, and for many years an officer in the church. The last months of his life his sight was impaired, but his cheerfulness was not abated. He lived almost to see his eighty-sixth birthday, and then "was not, for God took him."

G.

REV. RICHARD THOMAS AUSTIN died at Lunenburg, Mass., January 18, 1847, aged 37 years.

Mr. Austin was born in Waldoboro', Me., May 6, 1809, and was enabled by school-keeping, which he began at the age of fifteen, to enter Bowdoin College and to be graduated in 1831 without a debt. After teaching some months in Thomaston, Me., he came to Boston in 1832, and was for a year an assistant in a private school in this city. He then entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, but left after one term for want of funds. To obtain these, he took charge for a considerable time of the Cambridge grammar school; without neglecting his duties in which, he resumed his theological studies, and in 1836 creditably completed them. On the 28th of September, 1836, he was ordained as minister of the church in Wayland. His fondness for teaching, however, after two years spent in Wayland brought him back to Cambridge, where he became Principal of the High School. Faithful and successful, he was yet obliged by the state of his health, which began visibly to decline, to relinquish at last this long cherished employment. He had all along, from his first connection with the Divinity School, suffered more or less severely from a scrofulous affection of the throat; but did not allow it to prevent him from occasional preaching (whenever possible), or from devoting himself during the last two years of his life to the ministerial service of the church in Lunenburg, — where he somewhat suddenly, but peacefully, rested from all his labors. His last sermon, preached at Pepperell, Mass., a week only before his decease, gave proof of his cheerful familiarity with the subject of death, and of his bright hope of immortality.

The writer of this notice can testify to the general manliness of his bearing and conduct, — the indomitable energy with which he pursued his purposes, — the excellence of the ends he had always in view, — the strong practical cast of his mind, — his social, frank good-nature and habitually cheerful piety. The sphere of the Christian preacher was the one to which his inclination led him; that of the school instructor, the one in which he excelled. His preaching was chiefly remarkable for its clearness and earnest sincerity; consequently his hearers commonly became his personal friends; and those of them who "followed with him in the regeneration" were drawn to do so, less by the influence of his salutary sermons than by that of the good man himself. They felt that he could never do any thing deceitfully; and that this truthfulness of his, so resolutely maintained, — the very life-sap of their pastor's religion, — was the thing to be cherished as essential to their own.

His force of character is exemplified by an anecdote. To one who querulously demanded his reasons for acting zealously in a certain case, he replied, — "Reasons, Sir, reasons! I never give reasons. Aiming at a good result, as you know, I cannot stop to give reasons. When that is attained, you, Sir, and others, can commend or censure; I shall by that time be doing something else. Reasons, Sir! Right action is the main resolve for man; his reasons are for God." Such a Nehemiah-spirit which "will not come down" from its work, such an "adamantine constancy of endeavour," — what benefit, with his right tendencies, had it been joined with more of physical health and strength, might it not have wrought out for society even in the comparatively brief term of thirty-seven years!

A.

REV. TIMOTHY FOSTER ROGERS, Senior Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Bernardston, Mass., died at that place, January 26, 1847, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and after a faithful ministry of more than thirty-seven years.

The departure of this truly good and exemplary man has already called forth just and appropriate notices from his colleague, and others who were personally favored with his friendship, and were eyewitnesses of his worth. From these notices, as well as from other sources, we learn the high estimation in which he was held by the people of his charge, and by all who knew him. He was born in Tewksbury, Mass., March 16, 1781, and was graduated at Harvard University, in the class of 1802. He pursued his theological studies partly at Cambridge, and partly under the direction of clerical friends, among whom was Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, and was ordained as the minister of Bernardston, September 20, 1809. He was distinguished by the simplicity and integrity of his character, by the meekness and gentleness of his spirit, and by a calm, earnest, and effective devotion to the great objects of his ministry. "Others," says one who knew and honored him, "could preach more powerfully, but no minister or disciple has practised more faithfully. He taught most effectually by his life, and by his good deeds he glorified the Father." "From some intercourse with the world, we must say," remarks another, who long enjoyed a close observation of Mr. Rogers's course, "we have never known a man who was so nearly perfect in obedience to the precepts of Christ." "His people," observes his colleague, "highly esteemed him for his work's sake, and for the excellences of his character. He was remarkably punctual and faithful to all his engagements, unwearied in his labors for others' good, and manifested with regard to his earthly means the most exemplary generosity. He was eminently a man of prayer. No one who ever listened, either in public or private, to his devotional exercises, need be reminded how great was the holy fervor which they displayed."

Mr. Rogers had many trials. In early life he felt himself compelled by the inquiries which he pursued to adopt different opinions in theology from those in which he had been educated, and to his deliberately formed convictions he adhered firmly, but meekly, through the rest of his days. The secession of a part of his congregation, who formed themselves into a Trinitarian society several years after his settlement in Bernardston, only served to prove at once his steadfastness and his mildness. The peculiar illness of his wife for thirty years was borne "with a silent, magnanimous fortitude," "a uniform tenderness" towards the unhappy sufferer, and "the utmost cheerfulness." Towards the close of his ministry, the feeble condition of his own society obliged him to preach a part of the time in other places, in the employment of the Evangelical Missionary Society, and the Society for Propagating the Gospel, whose annual reports contain frequent testimonies to his fidelity. In the autumn of 1843 he was affected by a paralysis, which finally disabled him from preaching, but it did not deprive him of the satisfactions of Christian experience. "An habitual cultivation of his spiritual nature during the days of his intellectual vigor was now amply repaid by a delightful share of holy peace, and a sweet sense of the Divine presence." He anticipated his departure with serene trust, and died "the death of the righteous."